



*To be the best Belov'd of a King,
I vainly thought to be so great a Thing,
That I, to gratify his lustful Pleasure,
To his Embraces gave my Virgin-Treasure.*



*O pity me, for very sad my Case is,
Who, to obtain a lustful King's Embraces,
Forsook my God, my Friends, my Husband too,
Which I for many Years did sadly rue.*

The Unfortunate Concubines.

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
Fair ROSAMOND,
Mistress to Henry II.

A N D
JANE SHORE,
Concubine to Edward IV.
KINGS of ENGLAND.

Shewing how they came to be so.
W I T H
Their Lives, Remarkable A C T I-
O N S, and unhappy E N D S.

*Extracted from eminent Records, and the Whole
Illustrated with Cuts suitable to each Subject.*

London: Printed by and for T. Norris: And sold
by Edw. Midwinter, at the Looking-glass on
London-bridge.



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THE PREFACE

WE have a Proverb in England, That many speak of Robin Hood, that never shot in his Bow ; The Meaning whereof is, That it is common for Persons to have those Men and Women often in their Mouths of whom they know but very little : And this, I doubt not is a true of those two unfortunate Persons, who are the Subject of the ensuing History, as of any other whom.

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whomsoever. They have in general a Notion of 'em, that they were the Concubines of two famous Kings of England; but what was their Original, and by what Artifices they came to be brought into the Royal Arms of the respective are altogether Strangers to the History of. And therefore a full Account thereof cannot but be the more acceptable.

But there is another Reason that makes this History more necessary: Which is, That it is yet recent in the Memories of most, that we have had Royal Misses have liv'd in that Pomp and Splendor, (being made Peereesses of the Realm, and holding the first Rank among the Nobility) as if their Honours had legitimated their Crimes: And, that Adultery and Whoredom were no Sins, because 'twas with their Prince that they committed it: 'Tis true indeed, the late Illustrious and Vertuous Queen Katherine was of a milder Temper than Queen Eleanor; and was not so much disturb'd at the Variety of Misses that were kept under her Nose by King Charles, as the furious Queen Eleanor

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Eleanor was with the Fair, (but Unfortunate Rosamond, though her Exaltation was more Noble, and her Beauty far transcending that of our late Misses; And tho' the Royal Misses were a vast Expence in the late Reign, yet there was none that fell foul upon them, after the Death of those Princes; though I have not heard that any of them ever did so much Good, in the time of their Favour with those Princes, as Jane Shore did in that of hers with King Edward the Fourth, unless it was Madam Gwin; who (how mean soever her Exaltation was) bore her Exaltation with less Pride, and did more Good in her Station, than any of the rest; being exceeding Charitable to them that were in Want, and often refreshing the Prisoners with her Bounty, and for that Reason was more acceptable to the People, than all the other Court-Mistresses, however dignify'd and distinguished with their high-flown Titles.

Perhaps the Splendor of their Living, and the Part they still bear in the World, may make others, as well as themselves,

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selves, think they were guilty of no Crime; but them that shall read the following History, will find that every Miss, how Rich or Poor soever they be, yet if she lives in Adultery and Whoredom, is as much, if not more guilty, than Rosamond and Jane Shore: For of either of These it may be said, they sought not the Royal Favour; but endeavoured to avoid it as much as possible; and were both of them betray'd by those whom they trusted: King Henry being brought into Rosamond's Bed, by her Governess Alethea, both without her Knowledge, and even while she was asleep: And as for Jane Shore, none could be more cautious and reserved than she; blaming her Husband's soft and easie Temper, in boasting of her Beauty, and exposing her to the View of Strangers, and by that Means bringing her first into the Presence of the King; altho' it must be owned he did not know him to be so. And after in the whole Transaction, the false and treacherous Mrs. Blague was more to blame than she.

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Not that I hereby go about to excuse either of them as free from Blame : For Rosamond was willing to taste the Pleasures of the Court, and yet perhaps believed she could have kept herself from the Pollutions of it. But she before-hand knew the King had a great Kindness for her ; and had the fatal Consequences of it too plainly laid before her by her Parents, to make the least Defence for what she did by pleading Ignorance. And as to Mrs. Shore, tho' I believe she never did at first design to go so far as she did afterwards, yet when the King in Disguise met her at Mrs. Blague's, and there proposed to her unlawful Love ; 'twas a fair Item to her to go there no more : She indeed blamed him for proposing it ; but that was not enough, she shou'd have forborn going there again, and staid with her own Husband, and then she had done well. If we would be Innocent, we must not only avoid doing Evil, but all the Ways that lead to it.

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Let me therefore commend this History to the serious Perusal of all that would avoid the Occasions of Sin; for here they shall see, Lust is a Pleasure bought with Pain, a Delight hatch'd with Disquiet, a Content pass'd with Fear, and a Sin finish'd with Sorrow.

And if any are so Weak as to be taken with the gaudy Trappings of Royalty, and glittering Poms of the Court, let 'em read on, and see the dreadful Catastrophe of this imaginary Greatness, and then let 'em make a Judgment thereof. They that imagine Rosamond happy in her Bower, let them behold her trembling with a Cup of Poison in her Hands, and in vain begging to be deliver'd from that dreadful Draught. And when she has drank it, let them behold the Triumphs of Death over Beauty. And see what Disorders it makes in Nature, how her late beautiful Face is disfigur'd, and the Roses on her Cheeks all dead and withering, her Eyes distorted, and her whole Body swelled up, and labouring

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labouring under horrid Convulsions: And who would change Conditions with her now? And yet all this is but the Shell and Out-side, the least Part of the Wages of Sin.

And this we ought to be most cautious of because as the Channels which Rivers have long time maintain'd, are hardly restrain'd of their Course; so Lust, wherein we have been long plagued, is hardly purged.

So whilst some think Jane Shore was happy in being belov'd of King Edward; and having such Crowds of Petitioners attending her; yet such will soon change their Minds, when they come to find her doing Penance through Cheapside, bare Foot and bare Legg'd, and afterwards gladly picking up the Refuse of the Dogs upon the Dunghill, and at last dying in a Ditch.

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History of Fair Rosamond.

C H A P. I.

Of the Parentage and Birth of King Henry the Second, and by what Means he came to the Crown, &c.



KING Henry the First of England, and youngest Son of William the Conqueror, had several Children; to wit, Prince William his eldest Son, and Richard his youngest Son,

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Son, and *Maud* or *Matilda*, and *Mary* Countess of *Perch*: But by an unhappy Accident lost them all but *Maud*; who being married to the Emperor *Henry* the Fifth of *Germany*, was very happily absent: The Matter was thus: The King having had Wars with the *French* King, and *Baldwin* Earl of *Flanders*, whom the *French* King had set on, (for they were always a back Friend to *England*) there was near the Town of *Nice* a great Battle fought between 'em, which continued for nine Hours; in which, tho' King *Henry* got the Victory, yet was he so hard put to it, that he profess'd he fought not then for Victory, so much as for Life. To prevent therefore any more such bloody Battles, whilst he was Victorious, there were Overtures of Peace made him, which he hearken'd to; and so it was concluded: To strengthen which, there was a Marriage made between *William* the King's eldest Son, and the Daughter of the Duke of *Anjou*; at the Solemnization whereof, there was very great and royal Feasting: But in the

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Return for England, the King went first, and his Children in another Ship after him: But some of the Nobles that attended the Princes, staying a little behind the King, to take their Leaves, were very merry with their Friends, and by that Means the Mariners got such Plenty of Wine, that they were for the most part made very drunk; and coming away with full Sail, in Hopes to have over-taken the King, they run upon the Shallows, where the Ship beating along by the Violence of the Wind and Waves, foundered; yet the Prince with his fair Bride, and many others, got into the Long-boat, and put off: But to hear the dreadful Cries of those that were lost in the Ship, and were just sinking, would have almost pierced a Heart of Stone, especially to consider how soon their Mirth was turned into the most lamentable Mourning: But amongst all their Cries, there was none made so deep an Impression upon the Prince, as those of Mary, the Countess of Derby, his Sister, whom he dearly lov'd, who

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crying out most piteously to him, to take her into his Boat, and not suffer her to perish in the Waters; he commanded the Seamen to row back and take her in; which they attempting to do, as soon as they came near, many others who were as willing to save their Lives, as the Prince was his Sister's, laying hold of the Boat, and neither Words nor Swords being able to make 'em let go, sunk the Boat, and so they all perish'd together; the Prince and his fair Bride making their Bride-bed in a watry Grave; with him perish'd also *Richard* his younger Brother, *Mary* the Countess of *Perch*, his Sister *Lucia*, his Niece, and her Husband, the Earl of *Chester*, with many other Persons of Quality leaving behind them a sad Instance of the Mutability of Fortune, and the uncertainty of Human Life. There were only three or four of the Seamen that swam to the Shore upon Planks, who were the sad Relaters of this Tragical Ship-wreck, which fill'd the Court with the deepest Mourning, and the whole Nation with an universal Heaviness.

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Fair Rosamond.

The King's Children (all but *Matilda*, before-named) being thus unhappily lost, and the Emperor her Husband dying without Children, she was again married to *Jeffery Plantagenet*, Earl of *Anjou*, and Heir to *Fulk* Earl of *Anjou* in *France*; by whom she had Issue, three Sons, viz. *Henry Jeffery*, and *William*. And now King *Henry*, to make the Crown sure to his Daughter and her Children, swore the People of *England* three times to be true and faithful to his Daughter *Maud* and heir Heirs, and with their Lives and Estates to oppose their Enemies, and settle the Crown in his Line after his Decease: But he dying, and being buried in the Abby of *Reading*, which he had founded, *Stephen*, Earl of *Blois*, Son to *Adela*, Daughter to *William* the Conqueror, ingratiating himself with the Nobles, and giving large gifts and immunities to those of the lower Rank, got himself crowned King; upon which bloody Wars ensued, till at last it was agreed, That King *Stephen* should have the Crown during his Life, and then *Henry* should

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succeed ; and *Stephen* soon after dying of Grief for the untimely Death of his own Son ; *Henry*, who was then victoriously warring in *France*, came over, and was attended by a great Number of the Nobility : and was three Times crowned, viz by *Theobald*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, at *Westminster*, at *Lincoln*, and lastly, at *Worcester* ; and soon after he married the Princess *Eleanor*, Daughter to the King of *Castile* and *Aragon*, by whom he had four Sons, viz. *Henry*, *Richard*, *Jessy*, and *John*. And in the Beginning of his Reign he made many good Laws, conquer'd *Ireland*, and instituted an Assembly of his Peers, and other chief Men, in the Nature of a Parliament, to settle and manage the Affairs of the Kingdom : Warring often with the *French*, *Scotch*, and *Welch*, as also with his Sons, whom the *French* King stirred up to rebel against him in *Normandy*, and other his Territories beyond the Seas. But to pass over further Matters of State, I now come to speak of his Love to fair *Rosamond*, which is to be the chief Subject-matter of this Book.

Fair Rolamond.

C H A P. II.

How King Henry, though married to Queen Eleanor, hearing of the Beauty of Fair Rolamond, became enamour'd of her: How he took a Progress to her Father's House, where he was highly entertain'd; and of his first Courtship to the charming Lady, &c.



King Henry the Second was a very amorous Man, though a great Warrior, and much given to take Delight in the Conversation of fair Ladies, with which his Court abounded, every

one being willing to humour the Inclination of their Prince: And he once taking occasion to commend with a more than ordinary Passion, the excellent Features of a Lady to one of his Courtiers, whom he highly esteem'd for his Valour, he very freely gave him his Opinion of the Lady in this manner: Your Majesty has indeed Judgment in Beauty; the Lady you mention is fair and charming, I must confess: But for a King so highly to extol her, I see no such Perfections in her, that deserves such Praise from so Noble a King: But if with humble Submission I may speak, I could tell your Majesty, I've a Niece, tho' but young, who, in my small Judgment of Beauty, is far surpasses this Lady, as she exceeds the meanest Beauty of your Court; her Eyes sparkle like two Twin-stars, with Rich piercing Rays that dazel those that venture to gaze on 'em; her Forehead is like a Heaven of Chrystal above 'em; and her Eye brows shine like Jewels, and are arched like the Rainbow: A Spring of Roses and Lillies are in her Cheeks, so mixed, that kind Nature

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never before made so fair a Mixture of the purest White and Red ; her Nose a little rising, exceeds that which *Apelles* painted *Venus* with, as the chiefest Ornament of her Beauty ; her Lips exceed the Coral whenever so finely polished, soft as the Crimson Velvet, hiding two Rows of Orient Pearl ; her Chin, which with a little Dimple adds Beauty to the rest, and makes her Face a perfect oval ; her rising Breasts are like two Hills of Snow, and her pretty hands excel in Whiteness the Alabaster, and so spread and branched with various Veins of Azure, that the Motion of the Blood in 'em may be seen thro' the soft transparent Skin : To be brief, she is the Master-piece of Nature, who when she made her, cry'd, *A lucky Hit*, and threw away the mould, that none so lovely, fair and charming might come after, to dazle the Eyes of Men, and wound their Hearts. The King hearing this Relation, could not but smile with Joy, and demanded of him in what Corner of the Kingdom so great a Beauty could be hid ; and if he might not see her, to be satisfied whether the De-

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scription he had given, would agree to the Person; or whether his Affection didn't wrong his Judgment? To this the Courtier, who perceived he had gone too far, and that the King began to be enamoured on the bare Report, would fain have drawn in his Words again; but it was now too late, nor did he know how to excuse what he had said: However he reply'd, He indeed had made this Relation only to set out a perfect Beauty to the Life; begging his Pardon and Excuse: But the King perceiving by the Coldness of his Reply, there was more than ordinary in it, grew angry, and told him he trifled with him, and charg'd him on his Allegiance to tell him the Truth: When, fearing the King's Displeasure, the Courtier plainly said, There is such a Lady, Daughter to *Walter Lord Clifford*, and of my Sister, his Lady, living at *Godstun in Oxfordshire*, of whom many worthy Persons have been enamour'd, and sought her in Marriage; but have been refus'd, because her tender Heart is yet incapable of Love; and this I as-

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firm is the Truth, on the Forfeiture of my Head: As for the Name of this fair Creature, it is *Rosamond*; and indeed she is rightly nam'd, for she is, if I have Skill in Beauty, the peerless Rose of the World. Whilst they were thus discoursing, Queen *Eleanor* came to visit the King, which broke off any further Talk about her; nor needed the King any more, for his heart was possess'd with a Desire to see her, that he could hardly sleep a Nights for thinking of her.

It was not long e're the King resolv'd to invite himself to her Father's House; and to that end took a Progress into *Oxfordshire*, attended only with some trusty Courtiers, and was highly welcom'd by the Lord *Clifford* and his Lady, who fearing what his Design was, order'd their Daughter not to appear in his Presence: But the King ordering one of his Attendants to enquire of the Servants to know if she was at home; and finding she was, demanded to see her, vowing he would not dine till he had. So that all their Excuses of Illness, and the like, availed nothing; then she was

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ordered to put on her best Apparel, and come down, that she might pay her Duty to the King; which she did in the most courtly Manner, her Blushes, if possible, adding to her Beauty: So that at the first sight she appear'd in his Eyes like an Angel; whereupon he eagerly saluted her; and Dinner being placed on the Table, he commanded she should sit down, causing her to be placed directly over against him, on whose pretty Eyes he so long gazed, that he forgot oftentimes to eat, taking in a long Draught of Love, which in the end, prov'd the Ruin of fair *Rosamond*, by the Jealousy of his furious Queen, as in the Sequel of this History will appear.

CHAP.

Fair Rosamond.

C H A P. III.

How King Henry won the Love of fair Rosamond by rich Presents, and bribed her Governess to favour his Designs: How he went to France to subdue his Foes; the Letters that passed between him and his Mistress, with other Matters.



THE King having been highly entertained by the Lord Clifford, Father to fair Rosamond for three Days together, he had several Opportunities to discourse in private with the

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charming Virgin, whom he so much won upon with Presents of rich Jewels, and other costly Things, that he rais'd an Ambition in her tender Breast, that before was a Stranger to it, to glitter near a Throne, though but in a Tinsel Splendor; for she was not ignorant he was already married, and that his Queen she could not be; tho' he often protested, if that Vacancy happen'd, he would raise her to the Dignity of the Crown. He also bestowed his Gold liberally on her Tutors, or Woman, who had the Care of her Education; which so blinded her Eyes, and prevailed over her Conscience, that she promised him to do all that was in her Power with the young Lady, to further his wishes for Happiness. And so having given store of Gold to all the Servants, he took his Leave of his fair Mistress, with many endearing kisses; which he had no sooner done, but that he heard Troubles were again risen in his Territories beyond the Seas, which requir'd his Presence to allay and settle.

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Fair Rosamond.

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The King soon arising a gallant Army, passed into France, the Terror of whose Name so daunted his Enemies, that they quickly fled, leaving the towns and Places they had surprized to his Obedience. Yet in the midst of Wars, Blood, and Slaughter his Love prevailed, and made him write to fair Rosamond in these Words.

Fair Lady,

I Nspired by the Remembrance of your incomparable Beauty, I doubt not your King is a Captive; I have no other else made my Enemies feel the Effects of my Anger, and mourn in Tears of Blood, my hasty parting from you, my Guardian Angel, whose bright Idea being still before me, made me a Conqueror wheresoever I came: 'Tis you whom I hold dearer than all the Glories of a Crown: Permit me, fair One, to assure you, my Stay shall not be long; and when I return, I'll place you in a glittering Sphere above the Reach of those you dread. In the mean while, let a languishing King prevail in his Suit,

when he begs a Line or two of Comfort
from your dear Hand.

HENRY, R.

This Letter somewhat surprized the young Lady, and filled her with Fears and Irresolutions, not well knowing how she should behave herself in so weighty a Matter, nearly concerning her good Name, Fame and Chastity; yet the glittering Prospect of Greatness and Honour pleading on the other Hand, she resolv'd to shew it to her Tutors, who had not been negligent in soliciting her to accept of the King's Love and Favour, as he had left Directions with her to do; expecting hereby Advancement to herself; if she could but be effectually instrumental in bringing it to pass.

She no sooner read the Letter, but smiling in her Face, said, My dear Child, You may now well see, that all the happy Constellations agree, that so excellent Beauty as yours, must not be enjoy'd by mean Person; you're made for a Queen.

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Fair Rosamond.

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and in yielding now to Fortune promised, is a large Step towards a Throne: You may perceive a *Jove* is descending in a Golden Shower, to make you rich and glorious than *Diana*, tho' she was the Daughter of a King. Lay aside your Blushes, and send him a comfortable Answer: Let not too much Modesty hinder you of so great an Honour, as being the Mistress of so noble a King.

This made her Blushes come and go, long struggling within her, till at last this crafty Matron used so many pressing Arguments, that she return'd the following Answer:

Great Sir,

'T Was with no small Astonishment I read a Letter subscribed with your Royal Name and sent to me, as I suppose from your own Hand; but am altogether ignorant of any such Power in me, as to make a Captive of my King: But could not, I confess, read without some Pleasure, that my Idea, as your Majesty is pleas'd to flatter me, should have an Influence in making your Majesty a Conqueror over your Enemies,

mes. Yes, may it please your Majesty, I cannot but interest myself so much in your Affairs, as to rejoyce when you are Victorious, and be glad of your Success. But as to my being plac'd in a glittering Sphere, above the reach of those I dread, I neither understand it, nor dare I give myself the Liberty of Thinking what your Majesty's Meaning may be therein: But as I know I deserve no such Promotion, so neither do I desire it: And as my own Innocency, so your Majesty's Royal Goodness is sufficient to keep me from any thing intended by it, that is incomparable with the strictest Rules of Honour and Vertue. And therefore praying for your Majesty's Happiness, Prosperity, and safe Return. I beg leave, with the humblest Submission, to subscribe myself,

May it please your MAJESTY

Your ever Dutifal, and

most Obedient Subject,

and humble Vassal,

ROSA MON

Fair Rosamond.

Having got this Letter from the innocent young Lady, she took care to send it safely to the King, according to the Directions left her, inclosing it in one writ by herself to the King, at the same time, unknown to Rosamond, which spoke the following Language.

To the KING.

Dread Sovereign,

BOsh my own Inclinations to serve your Majesty, as well as my Duty, and your Majesty's royal Bounty, has made me have no Stone unturn'd to make fair Rosamond's hitherto inflexible Virtue give Place to your Majesty's Pleasure; nor have the Pains I have taken been altogether without Effect, as your Majesty will see by the Inclosed; which I have persuaded her to write to your Majesty; which being her first Essay, is sufficient to demonstrate, that she has no Aversion for your Majesty; which tho' it seems not to Promise much, yet I doubt not to cultivate in so a Passion worthy of so great a Prince as your Majesty; For your Majesty will easily discern, that there

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there are some Sparks of Affection couch'd therein, which will use all the means that lie in my Power to blow up into a violent Flame: For that she may meet you with open Arms, to give you that Satisfaction which your Majesty so earnestly desires, shall be the unwearied Endeavour of,

Your Majesty's obedient,
dutiful Subject and Servant;

A L E T H E A

The King having received the Letter, first read that of *Althea*, fair *Rosalind*'s Governess, till he came to those Words: *As your Majesty will see by the Inclosed* and then flinging that out of his Hand greedily takes up the other, (which was *Rosalind*'s) and reads it over and over; then kisses it, and reads again; and then lays it down, and reads out *Althea*'s, and then takes up *Rosalind*'s, and reads it again: And so it so, says the King! Does *Rosalind* rejoice in my Success, and pray for my Prosperity, and safe Return? Then she's my

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own; and when I do return, I'll let her know in more endearing Terms, the Greatness of the Passion in my Breast I have, and what Returns I do expect from her, And to that purpose I'll soon make an End of all that Business that detains me here :

*All other Loves henceforward I'll decline,
For now the Rose of all the World is mine.*

Pleas'd with these Thoughts, the King made all the haste he could to put an end to those Affairs that kept him then in Normandy: But notwithstanding all Endeavours to return suddenly Home, the unnatural and rebellious Carriage of his Children, kept him much longer there than he intended.



CHAP.

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CHAP. IV.

How the Lady Clifford discovered the Love that the King had for her Daughter; and after a severe Reprimand given to Rosamond, sent her away in private. How the King having got intelligence where she was, caused her to be brought to Court, &c.



THE King's Affairs keeping him in Normandy longer than he expected, it happened that the Lady Clifford going into her Daughter's Closet, accidentally espy'd the King's Letter to Ro-

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Rosamond; at which being extremely surpriz'd, as knowing nothing of what had pass'd between them, call'd her Daughter to her, and ask'd her what the Meaning of that Letter was? *Rosamond* was as much surpriz'd at that Question, as her Mother was at the Letter, being put to such a Non-plus that she knew not what to answer; and therefore made her Blushes pass for one. Her Lady Mother taking her Silence for an Argument of her Guilt, took the Letter in her Hand, and went immediately to her Husband the Lord *Clifford*, who had a very tender Love for *Rosamond*; and shewing him the Letter, he was exceedingly disturb'd thereat; and so they both together went to their Daughter's Chamber, and upbraiding her with being a Strumpet to the King, and taking away clearly the Comfort of their Lives, who look'd upon her as their chiefest Treasure, she kneeled down upon her *Knees*, and solemnly protested to them, that she was still a pure and an unblemished Virgin, and that she never yet had given up herself unto

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unto the King's Embraces, or those of any other Person whatsoever : This Solemn Protestation that she made, somewhat appeas'd her Father's Anger, who was afraid it had been worse ; and seeing she persisted in the Truth of what she said, he bid her for the Satisfaction of his Mind, to tell the naked Truth, and let him know how 'twas she came by such a Letter. To which he answers thus :

My Lord and Father, I must confess the King has made Love to me ; nor could I well avoid the hearing of it ; For when he was so nobly treated here, how could I chuse but entertain him civilly ; and tho' I must confess he gave me several Jewels of great Value, I thought they only were the Testimonies of that Respect he paid your Daughter, and not of any Love he had to me, till the last Day I saw him ; and then indeed he told me, That if his Queen should die, no other Person under Heaven, should fill her Place but me. But I excused myself, if ever it should happen so, as being a poor silly Maid, and far unfit for

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such a Prince's Bed. Nor did I hear more of him, until within this Fortnight, this Letter was presented to me by an unknown Hand, as I was going to the Chapel; not knowing it was from the King till I had read it; which whilst I was a Doing, the Messenger withdrew himself. And now, my honoured Father, I do desire to know wherein I am a Criminal, unless it be in not acquainting you I had received a Letter from him?

Her Father having heard her, thus reply'd, 'My only Child, my dearest *Rosamond*, the Staff and Comfort of thy Father's Age, I am glad to find thou still art Innocent: Let me advise thee Child, to have a Care, and keep thyself Unspotted as thou art: Gaze not too much on the bright Sun of Honour, lest it should make thee blind to thy own Destruction; For should it thou come to glitter near the Throne it would be only with a faint Reflection, that would have in it neither Life nor Heat. What Honour would it be to have it said, That *Rosamond's* King

The history of

* Henry's Concubine, and for unlawful
 * Love has lost her Virtue? Consider
 * Child, if Chastity be gone, there's no
 * thing left Praiseworthy in a Woman
 * Pride not thyself in being Beautiful
 * 'tis falsely called so, if thou art not
 * Chaste; for tho' thy Body appear
 * ne'er so Fair, yet without Chastity,
 * cannot be Beautiful. Beauty is like
 * the Flowers of the Spring, fair to the
 * Sight, yet quickly fade away; but
 * Chastity, is like the Stars of Heaven
 * that always shine with a resplendent
 * Brightness. There is a difference be-
 * tween Love and Lust, for one is
 * far distant from the other, as Heaven
 * is from Hell. And all the King's Ad-
 * dresses unto thee, are the Effects of
 * Lust, and not of Love; he has a Queen
 * to whom his Love is due; and thou
 * what jealous Rage will fill her Breast
 * when she shall know thou robb'st her
 * of the King: For Jealousy is a Hell
 * to the Mind, and a Terror to the
 * Conscience, suppressing Reason, and
 * inciting Rage. Think then, my Child
 * what 'tis thou canst expect in

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Fair Rosamond.

27

' unlawful Love, or rather Lust: Thou
 ' wilt be sure to lose thy Virtue, thy
 ' Honour, thy Chastity, thy Reputa-
 ' tion, and which is more, perhaps thy
 ' Life; and which is most of all, thy
 ' Soul, without Repentance. If there-
 ' fore thou wilt change thy Virgin-state,
 ' I will take care to get a Husband
 ' for thee, with whom thou may'st live
 ' honestly; and that perhaps may be
 ' a Means to quench that Fire of Lust
 ' thy Beauty may have kindled in the
 ' King, and make thee safe, and us thy
 ' Parents easy.

Fair *Rosamond* gave great Attention
 to her Father's Words, assuring them
 with great Asseverations, that she would
 to the utmost of her Power, avoid
 what're should be displeasing to them.
 But that as to the changing her Condi-
 tion, she humbly did desire to be ex-
 cus'd, for that she had a Mind to live a
 Virgin.

Her Mother thereupon said, '*Ro-
 somond*, it would be much more to
 my Satisfaction, and to your Father's
 too, to see you married, for then I
 could

could believe you out of Danger ; and
 you well know my Lord *Fitz Walters*
 has a Passion for you, a Nobleman
 of an Illustrious Family, as Wealthy
 too as most Lords in the Kingdom,
 your Father would be glad of such a
 Son-in-law, and so should I, to see
 you so well married ; and therefore
 do not stand in your own Light, lest
 you thereby do make us both believe
 you have too great a Kindness for the
 King.

To this *Rosamond* answered, She
 should be willing to give them all the
 Satisfaction they desir'd ; but hop'd they
 would not put her upon Courting my
 Lord *Fitz Walters*, however well ac-
 complish'd he might be ; but that it
 was enough for her to entertain him
 when he came to Court her. Her Father
 told her, as to that, he would take care
 that all Things should be manag'd to
 her Satisfaction ; but when he came to
 Court her, he expected that she should
 treat him as a Person worthy of her
 Love ; for he should measure the Duty
 that she paid to him, by the Respect she

gave to that young Gentleman. To which she only answer'd, *She hoped she should in no respect be wanting in her Duty.*

But while the good Lord Clifford and his Lady were pleased in their design'd disposal of their Daughter, King Henry was returned from *Normandy*, having concluded all his Business there, and made a Peace with *France*, and with his Sons. This made fair *Rosamond* very indifferent to the Lord *Fitz-Walters*, who by Permission of her Father, courted her; so that she told him plainly, she had a greater Kindness for him, than to expose him to the King's Resentments: For she was sure whoever courted her, must undergo the Anger of the King. And this was such a Blow to the young Lord, as quickly cool'd his Courage, for that he had no mind to have the King his Rival. But ere he went away, he told her Father how he had been dismissed by *Rosamond*; who then perceiving there was no trusting unto what he said, resolv'd to take another Course with her, and

save her from impending Ruin, tho' against her Will; and to that End in two Days Time, ordered a Coach and Horses to be ready, and every Thing prepared for a long Journey; and calling then for *Alethea*, fair *Rosamond's* false Governess, of whom they then had not the least Mistrust, told her, their Thoughts of the King's Love to *Rosamond*, and to what Misery 'twould expose her to; (at which he shewed a most extream Surprize) and told her, That in oder to prevent it, they would have her married to the Lord *Fitz-Walters*, who, as she knew, had lately courted her; and therein what a Manner she dismiss'd him: And here *Alethea* thought it time for her to speak a little, lest too much Silence should betray her Falshood; and therefore told them, *She often wonder'd why she treated that young nobleman with so much coldness, as she'd seen her do: And once, said she, I took Occasion to tell her of it: Madam, said I, I think you treat your Lover but indifferently. As he deserves, said she to me. Deserves! said I, I think my*

Lord

Fate Rosamond.

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Lord Fitz Walters deserves a Lady of the greatest Fortune in the Kingdom, because his Person and Estate will answer it. Your Judgment and mine differs, *Alethea*, said she to me again: Besides, I think my Beauty may deserve more than another's Fortune, although my own is not contemptible. In short, I do expect a better Husband.

O *Alethea* ! said the old Lord to her, *it was the King that Rosamond intended; Ambition has the Ascendant of her Soul: And nought will serve her but the King's Embraces: This is the Thing that we would now prevent, and, honest Alethea, thou must help us in it: And therefore thou and she, to Morrow Morning, must wish all Privacy imaginable, depart from hence to Cornwall, unto a Kinsman's there, near to Lanceshon; there she may live in Private undiscovered, until the King's Affections are diverted, and placed upon some other Meretricious Beauty. And for your Care in the attending of her, and watching of her Waters, as we say, thou shalt*

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not only have out Thanks, but be well rewarded also.

I will be sure, said she, to do my Duty, and think you take the wisest Course to save your Daughter both from Shame and Ruine.

With that, the good old Lord presented her with some broad Pieces of old Gold, as a Reward, as he thought, of her Faithfulness. And the next Morning, *Rosalind* and her Governess, or Woman, coached it away for *Cornwall*, and in few Days came to her Kinsman's House, where they were well received.

But when the Wolf is set to keep the Sheep, they are not very long like to be safe: For *Aleshea*, bribed largely by King *Henry*, was all this while the grand Intreaguer in this Love-affair; who took an Opportunity of sending to the King a large Account of all Things that had passed; and how far they were sent to take the Air, and she to watch the Waters of fair *Rosalind*.

King *Henry* having this Intelligence, and thereby understanding how Things

went

Fair Rosamond.

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went, resolv'd to have her out of all their Hands; and thereupon sent for her Uncle to come to him presently: Who being come, he told him he had a Piece of Service to command him in, which he would expect to be most punctually obeyed. Her Uncle told him, he hop'd he would not question his Allegiance, nor the Performance of his Duty to him; And therefore humbly did beseech his Majesty to let him know what Service it was to do.

'Tis, said the King, *to go immediately to Cornwall, where at your Kinsman's near Lancelston, you'll find your beauteous Kinswoman, fair Rosamond; present her with this Jewel from me; and use your best Endeavour to bring her to my Court, without her Parents Knowledge.*

Her Uncle seem'd a little start'd, at a Command so far from what he did expect: Which when the King observ'd, *Ha, my Lord,* said he, *have I shock'd you then? Where's your Allegiance now?*

Here in my Heart, reply'd her Uncle, which it has always been; of which your Majesty shall soon be satisfied, by

my Obedience. For he was loth the King should think he was unwilling to obey him, lest he should thereby incur his Displeasure, and run the Risque of having those great Offices he held under the King took from him: 'Twas only for the Sake of those he undertook the ungrateful Service which the King imposed upon him.

Having received the King's Commands, away he goes to *Cornwal*, where finding of his Kinswoman, according as the King had told him, he made as if he had called there by Accident, having come down about some other Business: Then told her how exceeding glad he was to find her there. And after some jocose Discourse together, asked her, if she'd go up with him to Court, for he was sure the King would make her welcome: which tho' he only spoke to feel her Pulse, he found her willing to accept his Offer; and therefore without any more ado, provided for her Journey a very noble Chariot, and so attended with her Governess and a few trusty Servants, he brought her

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to the Court, and put her in those private Lodgings which were before appointed by the King for her Reception.

Her Uncle having acquainted the King that she was come, and how he had disposed of her, he came that very Night to give her a Visit.

And seeing now that Beauty in its full Bloom, which was but blooming when he saw her last, he was surpriz'd with Wonder and Amazement: And Rosamond, knowing it was the King, as she was kneeling down upon her Knees, he runs and takes her up, with this Exordium:

O Fairest of Creatures under Heaven! kneel not to me, for thy excelling Beauty Commands all Knees and Hearts to Bow to thee: Then kissing her, as if he would have sucked away her Breath. Welcome to me, said he, my sweetest Rose: Welcome to Henry's Court, my dearest Rosamond: All here, my Rosamond is at thy Command; for I no Servant have but what is thine. Then say, my sweetest Rose, what is it here that thou wilt ask of Henry!

Then

Then being silent, as expecting her Reply, *Rosamond* answer'd thus:

Under the Frowns of my offended Parents, I beg Protection at your Royal Hand, and that within your Court I may be Free.

Free, said the King: Alas, my *Rosamond*, 'tis I have reason to make that Petition; for you have long since made your King a Captive.

Pardon me, gracious Sovereign, reply'd *Rosamond*; for if I've guilty been of such a Crime, I'm sure it was a Sin of Ignorance.

To which the King reply'd, Ah *Rosamond*! You've made me Captive but without a Crime; for 'tis your Beauty has inthralld my Heart; that wondrous Beauty that without a Parallel. And as for that Protection which you beg, King *Henry* tells you, that you may command it; and 'tis the highest Reason that you should. But tell me, *Rosamond*, wherein could you whose very Thoughts are always Pure and Chaste, unto your Parents give the least Offence?

Dread

Dread Sir, *reply'd fair Rosamond,*
gain, my very being here is an Offence,
 I came unto your Court without their
 Leave; and for that Reason your Pro-
 tection ask.

To which the King return'd, 'I have
 already said, You shall command it.
 But sure, *continu'd he,* your Parents
 were i'th' Wrong, to hinder you from
 coming to the Court: Where should
 the peerless Son of Beauty shine, but
 at the Court, its true Meridian? And
 to shut up those Beams within a Cor-
 ner that should enlighten and irradiate
 the whole Kingdom, must needs be a
 great Error. However, *Rosamond,*
 here you are safe; for any he, let it be
 whom he will, may as well take the
 Crown from off my Head, or pluck
 me from the Throne whereon I sit, as
 offer the least Injury to you; and I'll
 as much Resent it.

To which *fair Rosamond* only reply'd,
 thank your Gracious Majesty, and
 will henceforth esteem myself secure,
 under your promised Protection.

This Discourse having pass'd, a short

Col-

Collation ensued, wherein the King shewed himself extreamly pleas'd ; and *Rosalmond* herself seem'd very well contented. After Supper the King told her, That in regard of their Fatigues of her Journey, he would give her no farther Disturbance that Night ; but would suddenly visit her again, and so charging her Uncle to have a particular Regard to her, and see that she wanted nothing she desir'd, he took his Leave of her for that Time.

Alarbus, who was her Governess, was with her still, and did all she could to persuade her to yield to the King's Embraces : But *Rosalmond* seem'd averse to it, what her Father had before said to her, running in her Mind. However, she dress'd herself with all the Gallantry imaginable, according to the Mode of that Age ; and the King having made her a Present of some very rich Jewels, she wore 'em all, to make herself appear more Beautiful and Glorious : Tho' to speak truth, her native Beauty was sufficient, without any Helps from Art, to charm the greatest Monarch in the World. And

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And now the King, who had two or three times visited *Rosamond* as a Friend, began to be impatient of Delay, and thought it was high Time to have some close Conversation with her. And therefore coming one Evening to see her, (for he generally visited her in an Evening, for the greater Privacy) he accosted her in these Terms :

I have hitherto flatter'd myself, my sweetest Rosamond, that you have had a Kindness for me, but now I begin to find I was mistaken; for I too plainly see you have no Regard for me.

How, said Rosamond, should I be surpriz'd: Can your Majesty think I have no regard for my Protector, under whose Royal Court I live here securely? If I have any way been wanting in my Duty, or given your Majesty just Occasion for such Thoughts, pray let me know it, that I may better pay your Majesty the Duty that I owe you. But notwithstanding what you have been pleas'd to say, I hardly can believe your Majesty does think so.

How

'How is it possible, *reply'd the King*,
 'can think otherwise, when I've been
 'your Captive, and yet you never go
 'about to set me free? Have not I of-
 'ten told you, You have wounded me,
 'and yet you never go about to apply
 'that sovereign Balm, by which my
 'Wounds are only capable of being
 'cur'd? And is not this next to a De-
 'monstration that you have but little
 'Kindness for me?

To this fair *Rosalind*, with Blushes
 that still render'd her more fair, replied
 as follows: 'Your Majesty is pleased
 'to speak to me in Figures, but I am
 'but a simple Maid, and cannot under-
 'stand 'em. So far you seem to me
 'from being Captive, that you appear
 'the only Man that's free. For were
 'it otherwise, I'd make myself a Cap-
 'tive to procure your Liberty, if that
 'could do it. And did I see you wound-
 'ed, if my own Blood could cure you,
 'you should have it. Therefore, Great
 'Sir, I would not have you charge me
 'so unjustly: For whilst you are at
 'Liberty, and Well, I do not see in

'what

what is it that I can serve your Ma-
 jefty.

To this, fetching a Sigh, the King
 made this Reply. 'Ah, *Rosamond*! I
 know you understand me well enough;
 but who's more blind, than they that
 will not see: But since you force me
 to speak plainly, Know it is your
 Beauty that has wounded me; and
 'tis your Charms makes me a Captive
 to you, Love calls for Love; nor can
 my Wounds be cured without Enjoy-
 ment. If therefore you have that Re-
 gard for me, your Words would seem
 to intimate, shew that is real, by
 admitting me to your Embraces, and
 granting me the full Fruition of your
 Love.

Rosamond seemed extreemly disorder-
 ed at what the King said last, and rising
 up was going to kneel down; but the
 King would not suffer her, but plucked
 her up again and said, 'Kneel not, my
 dearest *Rosamond*; it is I should kneel
 to thee. I only ask—'

Here *Rosamond* interrupting him
 said 'Ask for my Life, Great Sir, and you

shall have it; or any thing that's in my Power to give: But ask not for my Honour, nor to give up my Virgin Jewel; for that's so precious, and so Valuable, I can never part with it, but to a Husband. My Outward Form, is but the Casket only; 'tis Virtue is the Jewel; and when that's gone, what Worth is in the other? Not a poor Peasant would esteem of that; much less is it a Present for a King. Nor would your Majesty, if I should part with it, regard me afterwards but as a Strumpet. She that has lost her Honour, is but a faded Flower, how Gay soever she appeared before; and like a clouded Diamond, of no Value. 'Tis Virtue only is the precious Jewvel that ever shines with an unclouded Lustre. — And then kneeling down, said thus: Then let me beg of you, Sir, to ask no more, for that which I can never grant, but to a Husband.

The King was mightily surpriz'd to hear such Words from Rosamond, whom he thought he should have made

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Heavy Conquest : And was as much
 in love with her good Parts and Virtue,
 as he was with her Beauty. But as he
 new Stones with continual Dropping
 of the Water wear away, so he never
 doubted but with repeated Solicitations,
 he might at last overcome this stubborn
 Beauty. And therefore unto what she
 had last said, he thus reply'd :

*Think not, my Rosamond, that it is
 Last which makes me to solicit for Enjoy-
 ment : No, no my Love is no such smoky
 Fire, but burns as clear as Vestals at the
 Altar ; nor would I, as you say, receive
 that Gift that Virtue could not give me.
 Kings have you know, a peculiar Prero-
 gative, and move in Spheres above the
 common Rank : Their Priviledge it is to
 have many Wives, when Subjects are by
 Law confined to one : And therefore tho'
 my Eleanor be Queen, yet Rosamond
 shall reign as well as she, and ever in my
 Heart command as Chief. We will be
 married first, my Rosamond, and then
 I hope you will not scruple it.*

I know not, Sir, said Rosamond, who

'ther or no it be a lawful thing to marry
 'one that has a wife already; but if that
 'can be prov'd, I've nothing to object;
 'for I have no Aversion to your Person;
 'nay, let me tell you, I have a Value for
 'you above others, both as you are a
 'Man, and much more as you are my
 'King and Sovereign.

The King then gave her several kisses, with many Promises to make her Happy, if she agreed to what he had proposed. And having left *Rosalind*, goes to *Althea*, her Governess, for whom he had yet a great Respect, and told her what Repulses he had met withal from *Rosalind*, instead of that Enjoyment he expected. *Althea*, as one that was Case harden'd in Wickedness, told the King, That if his Majesty pleased to follow her humble Advice, he should not enter into any further Parlies with her, but that he should find a far nearer Way to the Happiness he desired; for as to being Married, it would be but a dilatory thing, and of no Avail, when it was done, as she intended to inform *Rosalind*.

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But what is the Way then that you would advise to? said the King to her.

May it please your Majesty, said *Alethea*, the Way that I would have you to take, is this: That you should come in to my Chamber to Morrow Night, a little before Bed-time; and I will leave you there alone a-while, till I have got my Lady *Rosamond* to Bed; and where-is I lye with her every Night, I will delay the time of my going to Bed, as I sometimes do, till she's asleep; and then I will bring your Majesty into the Chamber, and you shall go to Bed to her in my stead; and I doubt not but before the Morning Light, your Majesty will so well satisfy her, that all her Anger will be over; and for the future your Admittance will be easie.

The King was very well pleas'd with this Contrivance of *Alethea*, and as a Token thereof, presented her with a rich Diamond Ring, and told her, he would follow her Advice; and be with her incognito the next Night.

Alethea going afterwards to *Rosamond*, she told her what had pass'd between

the King and her, and how the King had promised to marry her: And ask'd whether such a Marriage would stand good? *Alathea* told her, No; and that it would but enrage Queen *Eleanor* the more against her; For, said she, Kings may indeed be allow'd Concubines, but not more Wives than one: And that Concubines are not married, yet are they counted next in Honour to the Queen, and take Place of all the Nobility.

Rosamond was pretty well pleas'd to hear this, for Ambition had a great Ascendant in her Soul: She was willing to be Great, but loath to be thought a Whore: And therefore could not tell how to brook the thoughts of the King Lying with her; and therefore had in mind to have gone back again to *Cornewall*, rather than suffer herself to be deflower'd by the King. But *Alathea* told her she was safe enough where she was, and to be sure the King would do nothing to displease her. Whereupon she resolv'd to wait, and see what would be the Issue of her last Conference with the King.

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Kath Rosamond. 47

The next Evening the King came to *Alethea* according to his Time, to whom *Alethea* told what Discourse she had had with *Rosamond*; and how she had talk'd of going back into the Country: But, I hope, said she, your Majesty will make her of another Mind before to Morrow Morning.

You may be sure, said the King, I won't be wanting on my Part. And thereupon *Alethea* went to get *Rosamond* to Bed, as she was want to do: And in about an Hour's Time, (which the King's Impatience of Delay made him think an Age) she came back again to the King, and told him, That if he pleased to follow her, she would bring him where *Rosamond* was a Bed and a Sleep.

The King needed no Perswasions to follow her, but went with her immediately to her Chamber, there soon disrob'd himself; and *Alethea*, taking her leave of him, left him to manage his Business with *Rosamond*, according to his own Discretion.

The King having shut the Door, and lock'd

lock'd it after *Alseba*, went into Bed to *Rosamond*, who was fast asleep, dreaming of the treacherous Part that *Alseba* play'd. The King not willing presently to wake his charming Mistress, lay still; but, lying closer to her than *Alseba* used to do, she wak'd herself, and not knowing but 'twas *Alseba* that was in her Bed, I prithee, my Governess, (said she, for so she us'd to call her, and such she thought she was) lie further off a little; you crowd me too close, as if you'd thrust me out of Bed. And now the King thought it a proper time to speak to her, and let her know who 'twas that was Bed-fellow. And thereupon he pake her thus: My dearest *Rosamond*; 'Tis not your Governess, 'tis your King that lies so close to you; and thereupon embrac'd her in his Arms) and sure you need not fear that I would thrust you out of Bed. It is not easie to imagine how great was the Surprise that *Rosamond* was at this Discovery; and fain she would have gotten out of Bed; but the King held her fast, and wou'dn't let her

Fair Rosamond. 49

O Sir, said she, I could not think you
would have served me thus, when you
assured me, that in your Court I should be
safe and free.

Yes, said the King, I know I promi-
sed it; and you shall find, that to a Tit-
tle I will make good my Word, for you
shall be as free and safe as ever.

If it be so, said Rosamond, pray let
me go, and give me leave to rise.

No, said the King, then I should
break my Word; you cannot be more safe
than in my Arms: For now I am sure
nothing can injure you.

O Sir, consider, she reply'd again, what
can be more injurious to poor Rosamond,
than thus to have her Honour taken from
her?

Your Honour, said the King! I am
the Fountain of all Honour here; and
what I take, I can restore again: Nor
can what I shall do, be in the least im-
puted unto you; for it is I alone am the
aggressor; and therefore if it be a Fault,
it is wholly mine; you are but passive in

Come then, thou Rose o' th' World ; be no more coy,
 But Love's Delights let's mutually enjoy ;
 The precious Minutes let's no longer waste,
 But Love's delicious Sweets let's freely taste.
 The Night will all thy conscious Blushes hide,
 Imagine now that thou art Henry's Bride,
 Who'll Thee prefer fore all the World beside.

Rosalind now found Resistance would
 be in vain ; and that since Things were
 gone so far, she had better oblige the
 King, than to deny him that which he
 would take whether she would or no.
 And thereupon, without resisting any
 farther, suffered the King to do what
 he pleased ; which pleased the King
 well, that before the Morning Light
 appeared, he pleased fair *Rosalind* also
 and their pleasing Embraces at last led
 them asleep in one another's Arms, un-
 til the Sun peeped in to see what they
 were a doing, which having first awak-
 ened fair *Rosalind*, she was surprized to find
 herself naked in the King's Arms,
 which summoned up the Blood into her
 Face, and added a fresh Beauty to her
 Charms. The King perceiving her
 somewhat disordered, gave her good

Words to keep her Spirits up; saying,
My Rosamond, as thou hast thus ob-
liged me; doubt not but I will be always
true to thee. Thou shalt want nothing
in my Power to give: Thou hast made
me happy, though against thy Will; and
to requite thee I will willingly make thee
so, if all that I possess is capable of doing
it. And thereupon sealing his Pro-
 mises with many Kisses, he once more
 quenched his amorous Flames with
 substantial Joys.

For a Time these two happy Lovers
 often met and enjoyed their wanton
 Dalliances in private; but the Envy of
 some Court-ladies, to whom the King
 had been wont to shew the same Kind-
 ness finding themselves now neglected
 for this peerless Beauty, being fill'd with
 Revenge and Indignation, did by their
 secret Whispers soon spread abroad the
 King's Familiarity with *Rosamond*, not
 only in the Court, but Country also;
 so that the Lord *Clifford* and his Lady,
Rosamond's Father and Mother, heard
 of it with much Grief; and those that had
 been wont to be acquainted with her, had
 been

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been her Suiters, where almost distracted, seeing they had irreparably lost their Hopes of enjoying so precious a Jewel, seeing she was now mounted on so high a Pinnacle of Honour, that she was got above their reach. And the King, who knew his Love to be no longer a Secret, not only smiled at the Complaints and bitter Reproaches of his jealous Queen; but caused his favourite Mistress to be sumptuously Attired, appointing Servants to attend and wait upon her where-ever she went; so that being decked in Silks, and Gold Embroideries, and Gems, she dazzled the Eyes of all Beholders, who could easily distinguish between far *Rosamond* and all the other Beauties of the Court, as far out-shining them, as the bright Beams of *Phæbus*, out vies pale *Cynthia's* Light, insomuch that the Beauty of *Rosamond*, and her great State and Court became the Table-talk of all the Nation.

The King, being every Day more and more pleased with *Rosamond*, that her Friends and Relations might be

ter satisfied, promoted them to Honour; and gave them Places of Profit; and *Rosamond* became the only Intercessor for all that wanted any thing to be done at Court; for whatever Favour she ask'd, she was sure not to be denied: By which she not only advanced and relieved many decayed Families, but often stood between Death, and such as had incurred the King's Displeasure, saving many that were condemned to die; and in all Things she used those good Offices with her enamour'd Sovereign, as gained her a general good Esteem, especially amongst the ordinary sort of People, whose loud Shouts and general Acclamations declared their Satisfaction.

CHAP.

How Queen Eleanor plotted to destroy fair Rosamond; to prevent which, she was removed to a stately Bower at Woodstock: How the Queen to further her cruel Design, caused her son Richard to raise War against his Father in Normandy.



QUEEN Eleanor growing Outragious, when she perceiv'd no kind Words nor Intreaties, mixed with Threats, could wean the King her Husband's Love from his new Mistress

and though he laboured other ways all he could to please and pacify her, yet she set her Engines on work to fright her from his Arms, and for the Safety of her Life enclose herself in a Nunnery, which according to those superstitious Times was held so Sacred and Inviolable, that whoever enter'd it, could not be taken out again; no, not by the King, without committing Sacrilege, and incurring the Pope's Curse. But fair Rosamond shewing him some Letters, threatning her Destruction, that were dropp'd in her Lodgings on purpose for her to find and read, thereby to terrify and affright her from his Arms; such Enquiry was made about it, that some of those that had done it, were discover'd by Similitude of Hands, and severely punish'd, and many of the Ladies, who spoke distractingly of her, and gave her Affronts, were banish'd the Court; Insomuch, that at length, perceiving the King was in earnest resolutely bent to defend his fair One, they gave over any further Projects of this Nature: and to prevent Violence, he appointed her a

Guard to wait on her at Home and Abroad; and to remove her further from the Queen's Sight, that her Envy and continual Clamours, if possible, might cease, he caused a stately Palace, call'd *The Delightful Bower of Woodstock*, in *Oxfordshire*, to be built with great cost, with all the cunning turnings and windings imaginable, far exceeding the *Dalman Labyrinth*, which he appointed for her Country Retirement, when she please to take the Air.

This stately Bower had many Entries and Passages under Ground, into which Light came thro' narrow Stone Crevices, shaded with Bushes not perceivable to those that walked above, rising with Doors in Hills far distant, to escape from Danger, upon any timely Notice, though the Place should be suddenly besieg'd, and surrounded; and within this stately Bower were intricate Mazes and Windings thro' long Entries, Rooms and Galleries, strongly secur'd with a hundred and fifty Doors: so that to find the Way out and into the most remote Apartments, the skillful

Artist had left a Silver Clew of Thread, without the Guidance of which, it was next to impossible to be done. About this Bower were curious Gardens, Fountains, and a Wilderness, with all manner of Delights for pleasant Situation, and Recreation, to furnish it out as another Earthly Paradise, for so fair a Creature to inhabit; and thither the King often resorted to see his beloved *Rosamond*.

But this more vexed the enraged Queen, not only that she should have so famous a Place, built on purpose for her, but that the King staid whole Weeks in his Visits, and left her to lie tumbling and tossing in much Perplexity, which another enjoyed the Embraces she expected; wherefore she consulted with her Sons, now Men grown, how to be revenged; and after many Things argued, and considered, it was agreed amongst them, that Prince *Richard*, afterward King of *England*, should go over and joyn with the *French* to make War against his Father in *Normandy*, then belonging to the Crown of *England*; which whilst he effected,

58 The Willows of

speedily would withdraw the King to aid his Subjects, and subdue his Enemies; and so leaving his fair Mistress behind him, and *Rosamond* being destitute of her chief Defence, might lie open to their Plots and Contrivances against her Life, which while he was present, would be frustrated. Nor was Prince *Richard* slow in this, but made a fierce War, beat the King's Lieutenant, and took many Towns; which News coming to the King's Ear, roused him as a Lion from his Liar, and fill'd him with Princely Resolution of Revenge: 'Tis true indeed, those different Passions of Revenge and Love, long struggled in his Breast; but Love at last gave place unto his Honour, vowing his Love should make Revenge more sharp. And therefore he resolv'd to pass the Sea with a well-disciplin'd and Royal Army.

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CHAP. VI.

How the King took his Leave of fair Rosamond, to pass the Seas, and the great Sorrow she made for his Departure, with his comfortable Words to her: How he left her in the Care of her Uncle, and went to fight against his haughty Foes, &c.



THIS Resolution of the King, by means of the Keeper of her Bower, came to the Ears of Rosamond, which she receiv'd with an inexpressible Grief: Her Soul was filled with Mourning, to hear

hear it; her Heart was turn'd a Ward-robe of true Passion; the rosy Dye that deck'd her blushing Cheeks grew pale, and Clouds immur'd the muffled Skies of her resplendent ^{be}auty: So great her Sorrow was, it even made the Stars for Pity drop down from the Spheres, and *Cynthia* in a gloomy Vale of Darknes, inshroud the pale Beams of her borrow'd Light: Had but Queen *Eleanor* beheld her now, her Envy would have fallen fast asleep, and Cruelty herself have fell a Weeping.

The King however, firm to his Resolves, being just ready to depart for *Normandy* went last of all to take his Leave of fair *Rosamond*; and to assure her of his Love and Kindness, *Rosamond* had some Notice of his coming, and of the Errand he was come about; and straight her Eyes grew dim, and down upon the Ground forthwith she fell, and every Object danc'd before her in the Maze of Death: Her Eyes were closed, and tho' she sat in Darknets, without the Help of Light, her Beauty shined.

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Fair Rosamond. 61

The King came in, and found her on the Floor, in all the Storm of Grief; sighing such Breaths of Sorrow, that her Lips, which late appeared like Buds, were now over-blown; and when she came a little to herself, she pour'd forth Tears at such a lavish rate, that were the World on Fire, they might have drown'd the Wrath of Heaven, and quenched the mighty Ruin. 'T would raise the Pity of a marble Breast, to see the Tears force thro' her snowy Lids, and lodge themselves on her red murmuring Lips, which after a small respite, faintly said, *Ab, dearest Prince! How cruel is unkind Fortune unto Lovers, that we must so soon part; and my presaging Soul forebodes never to meet again in this World, if now you leave me to the irreconcilable Hatred of my merciless Enemy; quite void of your Royal Shelter and Protection: O for this, did I resign myself into your Arms, and gave up my Virgin Innocency, and unspotted Treasure to your Will and Pleasure! O is there no English General trusty and valiant enough to defeat and scourge your Rebels;*

but must you be separated from your faithful constant Rosamond, and venture your precious Life, which is now dearer to me than my own, and all the valuable Things in this World.

She would have proceeded, but a mighty Sorrow for a Time stopp'd the Utterance of her Voice, and she had fallen to the Ground, had not the King caught her in his Arms, tenderly embracing her, and kissing her wan and faded Cheeks and Lips a thousand times; then setting her down by him, he said, Fairest of Creatures, thou fairest and most fragrant Rose of all the World, afflict me not thus with thy Tears; but dearest Rosamond, at my Entreaty let them cease to flow, and let not such a mighty Sorrow impair thy lovely Beauties; you are not ignorant how often I have been victorious over these very Enemies that now presume to dare me forth to their Destruction: I cannot, but confess indeed, I am grieved to part with my sweet Rose; but adverse Fortune proves an Enemy to us both, in constraining this unkind Separation; but no

doubt my Return will be speedy, with Success, and then the Laurel of Victory I shall gain by Dint of Sword shall crown my fairest Mistress, and make her smile when we meet again to renew our Joys and Delights. In the mean while, my precious Jewel, I will wear thee on my Heart; nor shall the rude Alarms of the War drive the Image thence.

To this Rosamond, [with Tears still flowing, and her snowy Arms cast about his Neck, replied, *And why may not I go with my so much-loved Lord? I'll dress me like a Page, and wait on you in all your Dangers; and when in the Heat of Fight your precious Life is in Distress, by the threatening Sword and Spear, I will boldly step between, and by receiving the Wounds that threatens you, guard your Life with the Loss of my own: Wait on you in your Tent, and dress your Food in Day, and at Night I'll make your Princely Bed soft and easie to you; and take Delight to do you all the Pleasure that I can: O take me with you, for there is no such Safety in the World for me, as in your Royal Camp; but wanting you, my Life is Death.*

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She would have proceeded, but the King stopped her Voice with many tender Kisses, and interrupting her, said, *My fairest Rose, you are not fit to brook the Toils of War, Ladies cannot endure the Fatigues and Hardships of Camps, soft Peace and delightful Pleasures, are more agreeable to their sweet Tempers, therefore you must stay in England's peaceful and pleasant Soil till I return.* Then calling to him Sir Thomas, her Uncle, the trusty Knight, who had first given him an Account of her rare Beauty, he said, *Here, worthy Knight, I commit this inestimable Treasure to your sole Care and Conduct, my fair Rosamond; a Treasure far more valuable than a Kingdom; take to you a strong Guard for her Defence, and be careful, I charge you, as you tender your Life, that none be permitted to see her, till my Return.* And expect, my fair Mistress, I shall often write to you, and require your Answers. *Alas,* said she, *this Parting's worse than Death, and I'm afraid my Death will be the fatal Issue of it. I'm sure the Soul and Body cannot part with so great Pain, as now I part with you.*

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Fair Rosamond.

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Fain would I speak the last Farewel, but cannot. there are so many Deaths in that hard Ward. Go, Royal Sir, that I may know my Grief; for Grief's but guess'd, while you are standing by: But I too soon shall know what Absence is: 'Tis the Sun's parting from the frozen North, while I stand looking on some Icy Cliff, to watch the last low Circles that he makes, till he sinks down from Heaven. Ah, Rosamond reply'd the King to her, Methinks there is such mournful success in Parting, that I could hang for ever on thy Arms, and look away my Life into thy Eyes. But I have far to go, and must hasten. And so have I, said Rosamond again, if Death be far, for that's the Stage to which I now am going; from whence I never, never shall return. And so in Tears parted from each other.

CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

How upon the King's departing the Land, the Queen call'd a Consult to debate the Destruction of fair Rosamond: How they laid an Ambush near the Bower, and training out the Knight, who guarded it, slew him and many others, when getting the Silver Clue, the Queen found fair Rosamond arrayed like an Angel, and compelled her to drink a Bowl of Poison, of which she died.



FAIR, but disconsolate poor Rosamond, gave a long look after the King, when he had parted from her

and just as he was out of sight, (as if her
 sorrowful forebodeing Soul had told her
 she should never see him more) she with
 a dismal heart-piercing Cry, threw her-
 self down upon her Couch, and fell into
 a Swoon; from which, when her At-
 tendants had recover'd her, she so oft
 fainted, that her Maids had much ado
 to keep Life in her; but when she was
 recover'd, she gave herself up to Sorrow
 and Melancholy, refusing to be comfort-
 ed for some Weeks, her Sleep still going
 from her; and when she slumber'd a lit-
 tle, she started, crying out, *O save me,
 save me, here's the Queen; she's got to
 me at last;* and with the Fright awak'd,
 fear'd and terrified with her Dreams.
 Nor was it without Reason that *Rosa-
 mond* was thus afflicted in her Mind, for
 all this while, Queen *Eleanor* was plot-
 ting her Destruction: Which to effect,
 she first propos'd it to some Favourites,
 whom she had rais'd from a low Condi-
 tion to a high Promotion; but they start-
 ed at it, as a Thing full of Danger, see-
 ing, if it were known, their Lives would
 surely be forfeited and lost to the King's
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Return, unless they fled the Land, and left all behind them, to the Ruin of Themselves and Families. This so enraged the jealous Queen that she reviled them with a thousand Reproaches of Cowardize and Ingratitude, for the many Favours she had heaped upon them, which, with some Perswasions and large Offers, prevail'd so far with several of her Domesticks that they vow'd to stand by her in any dangerous Attempt, if she wou'd but vouchsafe to be present at the doing of it, that so, if it were discover'd, she being the Comfort Royal, would easily come off from the Danger of the Laws, and they shelter'd under the Necessity of positive Commands, might have a more colour'd Pretence and Excuse for having a Hand in the Matter; to this she readily consented; and it being in Summer-time, undertook a Progress, as she gave out for her Health, appointing at a short time, her Conspirators to hide themselves in a Cave near the Bower, overshadow'd with Trees and Bushes and at the Sound of a Horn to rush out and do

Fair Rosamond. 69

and as she commanded; which they swore to observe: Whereupon she counterfeited a Letter, as from the King, to fair Rosamond, and being near the Bower, she hid herself in a Grove, and sent one of her Pages dress'd as a Post, to deliver it to Sir Thomas, the keeper of the bower, and no other Hand, for such was the King's express Command; and when he had deliver'd it immediately to blow his Horn.

This cunning Device took to her Wish, for the too credulous Knight, seeing as he thought, only a Post-boy, and the Spy from the Turret, who watched the Roads, informing they were clear of any People, he came without the Gate, when immediately upon the Signal given those in Ambush rushed upon him, with them he fought valiantly, being seconded by his Guard; but after many were slain on both Sides being overpowered by Numbers, he was likewise slain himself. The Fight being over, and the Gates seized by her Party, the Queen came to the Palace, and getting the Silver Clew, she enter'd the Bower,

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causing all her Servants she found to be slain and in the furthest Retirement in a fair Chamber gilded and shining with Gold, she found the beautiful *Rosalind*, the Object of her hellish Spleen, all dazling in Robes of Silver adorned with Gems, shining bright like an Angel; at which sight she some time stood amazed, and began to melt into Pity; but her Jealousy soon reviving the Flame of Fury, with a stern Countenance, she said, *Have I found thee, thou graceless Wretch! who by thy Lewdness hast shamefully taken my Husband from me? Come, lay aside your gay Trappings, and receive the Reward due to such as commit Crimes like yours.*

Fair *Rosalind*, seeing the angry Queen before her, and hearing these dreadful Words, trembled from Head to Foot, when, rising from her Seat, she fell on her Knees before her, imploring Mercy and Pardon for her Offences with a Flood of Tears, begging she would have Pity on her tender Years and pardon a Crime she was constrained to act, and she would immediately

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cloister herself in a Nunnery, and see the King no more; or else abjure the Land; And if she had not deserved to live, yet she humbly besought her in Mercy and tender Compassion to the Infant that struggled in her Womb she might live, tho' in a Dungeon, till she was deliver'd; and then she would willingly submit to die so that it might be sav'd alive.

This last Request, which she concluded would move some Pity, the more incensed the enraged Queen; for hearing she was with Child, her Fury broke forth beyond all Moderation; when, snatching up a golden Bowl which stood on the Table, she poured a Draught of deadly Poison into it, which she had brought with her, commanding her, laying all Excuses aside, to drink it up immediately; at which when she trembled, and begged Mercy with Tears, the Queen pulled out a Dagger, and held it to her Breast, saying, *You Harlot, gild you your queensie stomach'd? If your damny Taste Palate cannot relish Poison, see here, I have this Steel for your painting Breasts, to rid you out of the World.*

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The poor sorrowful Lady perceiving there was no Remedy, but she must die, stood upon her Feet, and with a bundance of Tears, and piteously wringing her Hands, begged Mercy of God for her youthful Sins and Failings, desiring that all stately Beauties might be warned by her sad Fall, not to be proud nor aspiring, but rather contented with a lowly safe Condition; and often calling for Mercy, she with her trembling Hand put the Bowl to her Mouth, and drank the Poison, which soon put an end to her Life; whom the Queen caused to be buried privately with the rest that were slain, and so departed, rejoicing in the Success her Revenge had had on her Rival, but little consider'd the misery it would pull on her own Head.

Other Historians of Great Credit relate the Circumstances of her Death in the following Manner: *Viz.* That the fair *Rosalind*, sitting to take the Air, let fall out of her Lap a Clue of Silk, which running from her, the End of the Silk fasten'd to her Foot, and the Clew still unwinding, remain'd behind

which

which the Queen espying, follow'd, till she had found what she sought : It is generally said, That when the Queen came to *Rosamond*, she presented her with a Dagger, and a Cup of Poison, bidding her take her Choice, and she taking the latter, soon expir'd therewith. Others say, That when the *Queen* saw her, being amaz'd at her Beauty, she only upbraided her with her unlawful Familiarity with the King, and so left her : *Rosamond* telling her, she would never be guilty of that Fault again. But *Rosamond* liv'd but a short time after, however that was, certain it is, That the *Queen* had made her that Visit.

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C H A P. VIII.

How the King returned, heard of Rosamond's Death, and the Lamentation he made, and the severe Revenge he took in putting many to Death, and imprisoning his Queen for her Life, building a famous Sepulchre for fair Rosamond, and soon after died himself, &c.



NOT long after the untimely Death of fair Rosamond, the King who had had many strange Dreams concerning her, return'd home Victorious; but no sooner had he Notice of her tragical

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End, but his Joy was turn'd into Mourn-
ing, and in a kind of Distraction he rent
his Royal Robes, shot himself up in his
Chamber, and would suffer none to
speak with him for many Days, often
weeping and crying out, *O my Rosa-
mond, my fairest Flower! How art thou
blasted by a cruel Death, and with thee all
my Joys are faded and withered? O thy
bitter Tears presaged this sad Event that
I should meet no more! O that I had staid
to defend thee from this Rain, tho' at the
Loss of a Country, nay, to the Eclipping
my own Fame and Renown.*

When the King had a little eased his
Grief, he summoned his Judges, and
commanded them to make a strict En-
quiry after those that were guilty of
these heinous Crimes, who fearing his
high Displeasure, were so diligent there-
in, that most of them were apprehend-
ed, tried, and put to several the most
cruel Deaths, who in their Tortures ac-
cus'd the Queen, and laid the Blame on
her, who was not able to bear out her
trial, for so fierce was the King's Indig-
nation, that neither the Apology, Tears,

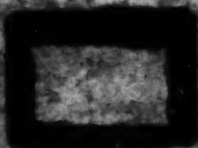
nor the Intercession of the Nobles on her Behalf, could appease his Wrath, but being a foreign Princess her Life was spared ; yet the King not only for ever renounced her, but confined her for his Life-time to a strict Imprisonment, commanding, if she died there, her Body should not be buried, but there moulder to Dust, nor would he forgive her at his own Death, for she out lived him, and was set at Liberty after his Decease by her Son *Richard*, who succeeded his Father, and considering the Hardship of Imprisonment from Experience, she by her own Liberality, and the Interest she had with her Son, for the most part, set the Prison-gates open as well to Criminals as to Debtors.

King *Henry* having wreak'd his Vengeance on the Murderers of his beloved *Rosamond*, caused her Body to be taken out of that obscure Grave, wherein the *Queen* had caus'd her to be laid, and buried her with all the Funeral Pomp imaginable, at *Godstow*, near to *Oxford*. Erecting to her Memory a stately Tomb on which was this Inscription :

*hic jacit in Tomba Rosamundi, non Rosamunda:
Non refolet, sedolet, quæ redolere solet.*

In English thus:

*Within this Tomb, lies the VVorlds chiefest Rose;
She who was sweet, will now offend your Nose.*



This was the End of fair *Rosamond*, who, had she not been led astray by King *Henry*, with the glittering Tinsel of Royalty, might have made a Wife worthy the greatest Peer in *England*. Or if King *Henry* had been then a single Man, might as well have adorn'd the *English* Crown, as *Elizabeth*, the Widow of Sir *John Grey*, who being courted as a Mils by King *Edward* the Fourth, plainly told him, That as she did not think herself Good enough to be his Wife, so she thought herself much too Good to be a Whore, either to him, or to the greatest Prince in *Christendom*: And this Opposition of

her's to his lascivious Courtship inflam'd
 the King the more; as having seldom
 been refused by the Ladies of that Age,
 whom he solicited on the same Ac-
 count: So that his Passion grew so high
 at last, that what he could not obtain
 unlawfully from her he resolv'd to gain
 by the more lawful and honourable
 Way of Marriage; and accordingly
 he made her his Queen, and afterwards
 Grand-mother to K. *Henry* the Eighth,
 and was great Grand-mother to the fa-
 mous Maiden Queen of that Name. But
 the Case was otherwise with King
Henry the Second, who was a married
 Man when he courted *Rosamond*, and
 therefore had she refused his unlawful
 Embraces, and been married to an *Eng-
 lish* Nobleman, as she might have
 been, she had never been recorded to
 Posterity, as one of the Unfortunate
 Concubines of the Kings of *England*.

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Fair ROSAMOND.



IN Woodstock Bower, once grew a Flower,
belov'd of England's King, /
The like for Scent, and sweet Content,
did never in England spring: /
Her Cheeks were of the rosy Red, /
as fair as fair might be; /
Her seemly Front, and Ivory Snow, /
like Crystal was to see.

Fair Rosamond, of Rose-like Hew,
 enticed so to Love,
 As caused Henry's Royal Heart
 the Joys thereof to prove:
 Lord Clifford's Daughter, fair and young,
 was now the only she,
 That lov'd, and was belov'd again
 of his high Majesty.
 At Woodstock, in a Labyrinth
 of many Turnings round,
 Where only by a Clew of Thread
 the Lady must be found,
 And by no Way but with the same,
 the which the King well knew,
 Which now and then for his Delight,
 him to her Presence drew.
 Besides her Maidens, a false Knight
 attended on her there:
 With whom he likewise fell in Love,
 but durst not speak for Fear.
 At length, but with great Modesty,
 he courted her for Grace.
 But all in vain, it booteth not,
 he lacked both Time and Place.
 Henry (quoth she) began with me
 to make my Thoughts unchaste,
 And none but he, and only he,
 my Body hath embrac'd:
 Then I will be as true and Just,
 in this my wanton Sin,
 As ever Prince's Paramour;
 persist no more therein.

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The Knight dismiss her Presence thus,
 grew daily in great Fear,
 That Henry at his Back return,
 should of his Purpose bear;
 Therefore unto the Queen he hies,
 and told her of the same;
 How she had but the Title given,
 and Rosamond the Gain.
 Came I from France, Queen Dowager,
 (quoth she) to pay so dear,
 For bringing him so great a Wealth,
 to be misused here?
 Am I so Old, or he so Young,
 to be a Wanton grown,
 That for to have another's Bed,
 he will refuse his own?
 Like Progne, seeking Philomel,
 she presently forth found
 The Bower that lodg'd her Husband's Love,
 built bravely under Ground.
 And enter'd into Rosamond,
 whom when the Queen did view
 So bravely clad in rich Attire,
 to height her Malice grew.
 No marvel (quoth the Queen) if oft
 the Court did miss the King,
 When such a Load stunk at thou art,
 him to this Bower did bring.
 Now trust me, were she not a Whore,
 or any Whore but his,
 I would her pardon; but, in sooth,
 I may not pardon this.

Fair Rosamond surprized thus,
 e're ought she did suspect,
 Fell on her humble Knees, and did
 her Hands to Heaven erect:
 She blusht out Beauty, whilst with Tears
 did wash her lovely Face.
 And begged Pardon for her Sin,
 in hopes to find some Grace.
 So far forth as it lay in me,
 I did (quoth she) withstand;
 But what may not so great a King
 by Means or Force command?
 And dar'st thou Minion (said the Queen)
 thus Circumstance with me?
 Nay, thou wert best to come to Court,
 the King will welcome thee
 With that she dasht her on the Lips,
 so died with double Red;
 Hard was the Heart that gave the Stroke,
 soft were the Lips that bled:
 Then forc'd she her to swallow down,
 prepar'd for that intent
 A poyson'd Drink, with quick dispatch,
 and so away they went.

The End of the History of Fair
 ROSAMOND.

TH

T H E
History of *Jane Shore, &c.*

C H A P. I.

*Of the Parentage and Birth of Jane Shore,
how her early, but charming Beauty, cau-
sed many to fall in Love with her, &c.*



MRs. *Jane Shore*, the Wife of
Mr. Matthew Shore, (who was
sometimes a Goldsmith, dwell-
ing in *Lombard-street*) and was Concu-
bine to *Edward the IVth*, King of Eng-
land.

Land, is so well known in History, that he must be a Stranger to our *English Chronicles*, who has not heard of her. And yet tho' she be mention'd in all, there are but few Histories (tho' never so bulky and voluminous) that have given a succinct and particular Account of her Life and Actions; which may make this History the more acceptable to those that are curious to enquire into it.

This lovely (tho' unhappy) Woman, at the Shrine of whose Beauty so Mighty and Warlike a Manoreh offer'd up his Devotions, was the Daughter of Mr. *Thomas Wainstead*, a wealthy and eminent Citizen of *London*, and one of the Worshipful Company of *Mercers*, who liv'd in *Cheapside*, not far from the Chapel belonging to that Company, where also Mrs. *Jane* was born; who was brought up with all that Tenderness, which an only Child commonly meets with from a loving and indulgent Father: Nor did she want for any Education which that Age afforded, and her Father was able to give, or she capable of receiving, Needle work of all Sorts

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with Musick and Dancing, were Accomplishments she might boast with any Citizen's Daughter in London. And being naturally Witty, and of an airy and facetious Temper, sets all her Parts off to the best Advantage; and her Father indu'ging her natural Vanity with the costliest Garments, set off with the richest and most resplendent Jewels, she appear'd like another *Venus*, or rather out did her, being admir'd by all, as a consummate Beauty: For tho' her Attire was very rich and costly, yet her own native Beauty was enough to set her off: And therefore.

*The wealth she wore about her seem'd to hide,
Not to adorn'd her native Beauty's Pride:
Bright Pearls and Jasper's of a various dye,
And Diamonds darkned by her brighter Eye.
The Sapphire's Blue, by her more azure Veins,
Hung not to boast, but to confess their stains:
The blushing Rubies seem'd to lose their dye,
When her more Ruby Lips were moving by.
It seem'd, so well become her all she wore,
She had not robb'd at all the Creature's Store,
But had been nature's self, there to have shew'd
What she on creature's could or had bestow'd.*
Nay,

*Nay, Jove himself wou'd reveal in her bower,
Were he to spend another Golden Shower:
In short, her Eyes shot such surprizing Rays,
She was esteem'd the wonder of her Days.*

No wonder then her Father doated on her: And his Trade lying among the Court-Ladies, he often carried his Daughter with him, to shew her the Pastimes that were frequently made there to divert the *Queen*, &c. which gave her an early Longing after a higher Sphere of Honour, than she had yet attained to, or her City-breeding was likely to produce.

When she grew to the Age of Fifteen, her extraordinary Stock of Beauty, and charming Mein caused many to fall in Love with her: And some great Lords fix'd their Eyes on her to get her for a Mistress; which her Father perceiving, sent her privately to be with his Sister at *Northampton*; where she remained about a Year, till he supposed their Enquiry after her was over, and that she might safely return without any Hazard of being further tempted to Lewdness. Yet she was no sooner at home, but a

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Plot was laid one Night to have her carried away in a Chariot by the Lord Hastings (who after the Death of King Edward, took her for his Concubine, as will appear in the Close of this History.) But the Maid he had bribed with Gold to get her abroad, repenting such Treachery to her Master in being instrumental to the Debauching his fair Daughter, gave timely Notice, by which Means it was prevented; and her Father plainly perceiving, unless he speedily took some prudent Course, her Beauty would be her Ruin. So true is what Dryden tells us,

*Beauty is seldom Fortunate, when Great;
A vast Estate, but over-charg'd with Debt;
Beauty like Ice, our Footing does betray;
Who can tread sure on the smooth slippery way,
Pleas'd with the Passage, we slide swiftly on,
And see the Dangers which we cannot shun.
Unpunish'd, thou so few were ever given;
Nor art a Blessing, but a mark from Heaven.*

And therefore he resolv'd to marry her, that so having surrender'd her Virginity, and being in the Arms of a Husband, those that before sought to crop her

her Virgin-rose would not regard her, but give over the Pursuit.

And amongst those that courted, and earnestly sought her in Way of Marriage, was one Mr. *Matthew Shore*, a Goldsmith of eminent Note in *Lombard-street*, whom her Father pitch'd on for a fit Husband, and acquainted his fair Daughter with his Intentions to marry her to him; but she always shewed a very great Aversion to it, alledging sometimes, the Disproportion of Years, he being about Thirty, and she but a little above Sixteen; and other times his being much disfigur'd with the *small Pox*, and many other Exceptions she made: However, her Father's positive Commands, and the rich Presents her Lover made her, won her Consent so far, as that she yielded to the Match, and so married they were in great Pomp, many of the Court, as well as those of the City being invited to the Wedding, which was kept with great Feasting many Days. Nor were the Wits of the Age wanting to present 'em with Epithalamiums, which were too nume-

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rous to insert ; let it suffice to give you one.

*Call to the Bridegroom to the Bride,
Deck'd in all her Beauty's Pride :
May all the Pleasures, all the Sweets,
That attend the genial Sheets :
Hymen's Chains and loving Bands,
Be now resign'd into your Hands.
May soft Joys, now you're wed,
Be the Curtains for your Bed.
May fair Honour and Delight
Crown your Day, and bless your Night.
May your oft repeated Kisses
Turn to both your happy Blissess.
And the warm Embrace of Love,
Be as soft as Venus's Dove.*

*Methought I saw them kindle to Desire,
While with soft Sighs they blew the Fire :
Saw the Approaches of their Joy,
He grew more fierce, and she less coy.
Saw how they mingled melting Rays,
Exchanging Love a thousand Ways :
Kind was the Force on ev'ry side,
Her new Desire she cou'd not hide,
Nor wou'd the Bridegroom be deny'd,
Till she transported in his Arms,
Yields to the Conq'r'or all her Charms :
His panting Breast to her's now join'd,
They feast on Raptures unconfin'd.
And mingle Souls to that degree,
They melt into an Extasy ;*

*And like the Phoenix, both expire,
While from the Ashes of the Fire,
Spring up a new and soft Desire.
Like Charmers, thrice they did invoke
Love's Pow'rs, and thrice new Vigour took.*

C H A P. II.

*How the Lord Hastings made Suit to her
to be his Mistress, with the Repulse she
gave him: And how he praised her so
much to King Edward, that the King
went disguised to see her, &c.*



THE new Bridegroom having enjoyed his charming Bride, grew extremely fond of her, even to Doating

which as it usually happens with married Women, sickned and paul'd her Love towards him ; and seem'd to say like *Olden*,

*I hate Fruition, now 'tis past ;
'Tis all but Nastiness at best :
The homeliest Thing that we can do ;
Besides, 'tis short and fleeting too :
A Squirr of slippery Delight,
That in a Moment takes its Flight :
A fulsome Bliss, that soon does cloy,
And makes us Loath what we Enjoy.*

Which he perceiving, and to wind himself, as he thought, the more into her Affections, he cloath'd her very richly, and adorned her with Jewels, denying her nothing that she desired, or he concluded could tend to her Delight and Satisfaction : So that she always appeared Abroad and in her Shop like a terrestrial Angel, which glorious Sight brought Custom to her Husband's shop, and assured many to come to lay out their Money, who otherwise would not have done it. Nor was it long ere the

Lord

Lord *Hastings* had the unwelcome news brought to him, that his fair *Jane* was married; which however made him not give over his Purpose of enjoying her; so that often he resorted to see her, treating her at Home, and her Husband Abroad; often inviting them both to the Court; and took his Opportunity to pour out his amorous Discourse to the Wife, labouring by many fair Words and Devices to seduce her to transgress her Nuptial vows in defiling her Marriage-bed; but in vain, for being very Witty, and of a jovial and merry Temper, she so baffled him with her quick and sharp Replies, that he cou'd not tell which way to take her, for when he often suppos'd she was the nearest yielding to comply with his Desires, he found her the furthest from it; insomuch that when one time intending to try his utmost Effort, he had thrown her on a Bed in the Room, when they were privately together in her House, she got from him, and run to her Husband, telling him plainly how rude the Lord *Hastings* had been; which angering the

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good Man, he modestly rebuked him ; forbidding him his House, and his Wife's Conversation ; which made him sting away in a great Heat, resolving in Revenge to raise up such a Rival to *Shore*, that neither his authority, nor his wife's Chastity should be able to withstand.

This Lord *Hastings* being Chamberlain to King *Edward* the Fourth, and a great Favourite, having frequently his Ear, and finding he was much inclin'd to fair Women, tho' he was married to the Lady *Elizabeth Grey*, took an Opportunity to sound in his Ears the Fame of *Jane Shore's* incomparable Beauty, extolling the Quickness of her Wit, and the Facetiousness of her Humour, much above that of her excellent Feature's ; which made the King, who was extremely Wanton and Amorous (his Wars being now entirely ended with the House of *Plantagenet*, and he securely settled on his Throne without a Rival), to give great Attention to *Hastings's* Discourse of this beautiful Shop-keeper ; resolving, by putting himself into a disguise to have a view of this surprizing Beauty.

ty himself that his own Eyes might be a Witness of the Truth of what *Hastings* had related to him.

The King, whose Thoughts still run on his new-intend'd Mistress; (and was in love already with the Idea he had fram'd of her in his own Imagination) delay'd not long to pay her a Visit; and in order to it, attired himself like a Merchant, and then withdrew privately from the Court, only attended with a Page: and coming into *Shore's* Shop, then the richest in *Lombard-street*, he found Mr. *Shore* (her Husband) attending the Business of his Shop, and very busie in his own affairs; and so for a little while, tarrying till he was at Leisure, he desir'd to see some Plate, which was presently shewed him and under Pretence of carrying it with him beyond the Seas, soon agreed for a considerable Quantity. But the main Commodity our disguis'd Merchant wanted, was still behind, for the charming Wife kept all this while *incognito*, it being not her Hour to come down into the Shop: which made him very uneasy, delaying

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time with talking of several Matters transacted in *England*, and beyond the Seas, where he said he had travelled; for, being a Prince of great Learning, and of a ready Wit, he never wanted a Theme to enlarge upon, but could discourse of most Countries, and the Trade or Commerce held with them; which much delighted *Shore*, so that he ordered his Man to fetch up a Bottle of his best Wine, and had him to his Withdrawing-Room, where they drank merrily; the good Man beginning a Health to the King, in which the King you may be sure pledg'd him heartily; and when some other Healths had passed, *Well*, said the supposed Merchant, *I see you have a good Shop well stor'd with rich Commodities, and a fine House well furnished, at least by what I have seen: But methinks the chiefest Thing of all he wanting still; and which in my Judgment is so material, that I wonder such a Man as you can be without it. Pray what's that, Sir*, said Mr. *Shore*? *A good Wife*, reply'd the Royal Merchant, *to be the Mistress of so fair a Mansion: For I dare*

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say that you deserve, and I believe that I can help you to one that is both Young and Beautiful, Rich, and of a very agreeable and facetious Tempter; which in a marry'd State are Qualifications very desirable, and that greatly contribute to the Happiness of a Man's Life. I am of your Opinion, Sir, answer'd Mr. Shore; and therefore think myself not a little Happy that am bless'd with a Wife every Way so accomplish'd: However, Sir, I am nevertheless oblig'd to you for your kind Offer. But, tho' I say't, continued he, I have a Wife that's hardly to be parallel'd, in whom all Beauties and Graces meet, and yet she is as Virtuous as Fair. I grant, reply'd the Love-sick Merchant, you are very happy in having such a Jewel. But, Sir, continu'd he, may not I see this Wonder of the World, (for such she doubtless is, that is so divinely accomplish'd) that I may make her a small Present, to shew the Homage that I pay to Virtue? Yes, Sir, replies the Goldsmith, she shall be at your Service presently. And thereupon order'd one of his Servants to tell her that he'd speak with her immediately.

ly. And *thereupon* she came into the back Room to him, attir'd in a Sky-colour'd Morning gown, flower'd with Gold, and embroider'd with Pearls and Spangles, her Head Attire being curious Lace, under which her bright Hair flow'd, wantoning with the sporting Air, and her Blushes upon her Approach made her yet more lovely to behold.

The King no sooner saw the Object of his Heart's Desire, but he stept forth and saluted her soft Coral Lips, impressing on them many balmy Kisses; and so by her Husband's Desire she sat down, and the King drank to her, she pledg'd him, and pass'd it to her Husband: And much pleasant Discourse pass'd, by which the King perceiv'd her not only of a merry free Temper, but also exceeding Witty, which delighted him as much as her Beauty, and made him resolve at any Rate he would enjoy her; and so presenting her with some curious Things which she modestly refused, as Presents too great for a stranger, till her Husband desir'd her not to slight the Gentleman's Civility;

the King pulling out his Gold, and paying for his Plate, which Shore would have sent Home, but he refused it; ordering his Page to carry it; and with many sweet Kisses, and some amorous Whispers, he took leave at that time of the charming fair One.

*Well of his Gold might he be lavish here,
For Beauty never could be bought too dear:
For Plate he paid his Gold, but fix'd his Eyes
Up on a Treasure he far more did prize.
And yet what're he sent away, we find
He left his chiefest Jewel still behind.
Yet he the best Way took, when all is done,
For 'tis by Gold the greatest Beauty's won:
And tho' as yet, he had no Conquest made,
She to his Arms soon after was betray'd.*

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C H A P. III.

How ſhe warn'd her Husband of the Danger : How Mrs. Blague ſolicited the King's Love to her, carrying her to Court, where, upon dancing with the King in a Mask, he put a Letter into her Hand, and discover'd who he was that had courted her in Diſguiſe.



THE King was no ſooner departed, but the beauteous Mrs. Shore ask'd her Husband if he was acquainted with this Gentleman, that had been ſo liberal to her ; and deſired to know who he was ? Her Husband answer'd, that he never ſaw him before, but that

The History of

he told him he was a Merchant, but he knew him not: Ah, said his Wife, and shook her Head, (who having a more discerning Eye than her Husband, saw something in his Eyes and Mein that was not common.) My Dear, his airy Countenance, and graceful Carriage, shews him to be something more: I rather take him for some great Lord in Disguise, that will prove troublesome to me upon the Account of requiring my Love, as some before have done; therefore, sweet Husband, let me beg of you, as you tender my Chastity, and your own Quiet, if he comes again, as I believe he will, and ask for me, that you do not let him know I am at Home, but rather tell him, that I am sick, and gone into the Country; or any thing you think most probable to put him off, that he may come no more.

The good Man was high pleased with his Wife's Virtue and Prudence in this Matter; and promised to do what she requir'd. She was also giving him some further Cautions to be us'd to

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such kind of Customers, but People coming in about Business, retired.

The King being gone back to the Court, where he had been missed, and much enquired for, soon changed his Apparel, and came amongst his Nobles with a very cheaful Countenance; and though others were ignorant, Hastings well perceived where he had been, and the Satisfaction he had receiv'd; and no sooner were they in private, but the King said, *Well, Hastings, I perceive thou hast good Judgment in fine Women: I have seen Shore's Wife, and she exceeds the Praises that you gave her, though I then thought them very lavish. I like her so well, that come what will, I must enjoy her, though I have made but a little Progress in my Love: But the great Thing that lies before me now, is to have your Advice how I shall bring my Purpose to an Issue: To court her in her Husband's Presence, as a private Person, I shall be served as you were; and then to do it as a King, will look too low for me; so force her from his*

The History of

Arms I will not, for it would cause a Murmuring among my Subjects, who would fear the like by their Wives or Daughters; but I must have her, and with her own Consent, for Love constrained, carries no Pleasure nor Charms in it; therefore how this last may be attained, do you devise.

The Lord Hastings no sooner heard what the King determined last, but smiling said, Take no great Care, for this shall be easy to your Highness; there is one Mrs. Blague, your Lace-woman, has a House near to Shore's, and is very intimate with his fair Wife, and thither she often resorts to pass the Evenings away; this Person is a woman of infinite Intreague, and of so damn'd and covetous a Temper, that a Purse of Gold would win her to do any Thing; nay even to debauch her own Daughter: I dare promise she will quickly find out Ways and Means to bring her to your Lute; I will engage her, if your Highness so pleases, in this Matter; for there is no Spring so sure a Taker in Love-Affairs

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Affairs as to set one Woman to wheedle and betray another. The King liked this Device; and it was agreed that he should see her at Mrs. *Blague's* House, and have Freedom to court her; but she should not know he was the King, till he was pleased it should be discovered.

The Lord *Hastings* was not slow in promoting his Master's Happiness, who had so highly favoured him, but soon with Gifts and large Promises made the covetous Lace-woman pliable, to do in this Affair, whatever was desired; so that many Meetings were had at her House, and splendid Treats made, the King still coming as her Friend in Disguise, but although she left the lovely *Jane* sometimes on purpose alone with him, and retired, and he courted her with all his Rhetorick, yet she appeared averse to yield to his Love, often blaming him sharply, for proposing such an immodest Thing to her, as to defile her Marriage-bed; and when he took his Leave, she very much chid Mrs. *Blague* for suffering so rude and so debauch'd a Gentleman to come into her

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House, telling her the Design he had upon her Chastity; who seem'd to wonder at it, as altogether ignorant, protesting she had not thought it in him, but intreated her to be at Ease, and make no Words of it for she would suffer him to come there no more: This pacified her; but the Plot being further laid for her Ruin, in *Christmas* time she got Leave of Mr. *Shore* that his Wife should accompany her to the Court, to see the Balls and Masks there, which he consented to, with some Unwillingness; and being introduced, after many had danced to the melodious Musick, one Man of a comely Portenter'd, shining in Gold and Jewels, with a Mask on; upon which Mrs. *Shore* heard the Ladies whisper, *That's the King*; who, looking round through his Mask, fixed his Eyes on her, and immediately stepped to her Seat, and took her out to Dance with him; at which she blush'd and trembled, but being in a strange Place, not to be unmannerly, she complied, and performed her Part to Admiration; which ended, taking her to a Side-

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Fair Rosamond. 105

Side light, pulling off his Mask to salute her, she to her great Amazement, perceiv'd it was the same Man, who had entertained her at her Shop, and at Mrs. Blague's House : when putting a Letter into her Hand, he retired. And she in much Confusion, coming to Mrs. Blague, intreated her she would go home; who having effected what she came for, willingly consented; and as she return'd plainly told her, that Man was the King, and deeply in love with her; when reading the Letter, they found no more in it than this :

Fairest of Women !

THe Fame of your charming Beauty made me put on the Disguise of a Merchant, to get a Sight of you ; and the Sight of you has put my Heart into such a Flame, that nothing but enjoying you, will ever be able to quench it. It is your King that is your Suppliant, and begs you wou'd be kind to him : He that can command, is willing to intreat, and therefore surely you will not prove inexorable. And if you will take pity on your King, send one kind Letter

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to him, which he'll receive with greater Joy than if another Crown was offered him. For he esteems your Beauty and good Humour far above all the shining Ladies of the Court. And further does assure you, that whatsoever you shall lose for his sake, shall be made up to you with Advantage, by

Edward, Rex.

When she had read this Letter, she was much disturbed; and could not forbear, saying, Ah! Mrs. Blague, I could not have believed, that you would have brought me into such a Premunire, as now you see I am in: To which Mrs. Blague very pertly answered, I see no Premunire at all; 'tis an Honour to be belov'd by a King? And does he not promise you, That whatever you shall lose for his sake, shall be made up to you with Advantage? And then where can be the Damage? You talk very strangely, reply'd Mrs. Shore; Does he not design the robbing me of my Chastity? And can any thing be a Compensation

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salion for the Loss of one's Virtue? When that's once gone, it cannot be made good again: For that's a Jewel, which when once sullied, can never be restored to its first native Brightness. Marry, says Mrs. Blague, I think you make a great deal to do more than needs; if he would accept of me in your Room, I should be very glad to take your Plnce. They say the Croon takes away all Stains; and I don't know why the Love of a King should not take away all Reproach from the Person belov'd. And therefore pray be advis'd to write a kind Letter to the King; come, he'll take it well. I'll advise with my Pillow, said she; and so went Home.

C H A P. IV.

How, by the Perswasion of Mrs. Blague, she writ a Letter to the King, and afterwards comply'd with the King's Desire, and suffer'd him to enjoy her privately, going for her Husband under Pretence of seeing her Mother, &c.



ALL the Night following Mrs. Blague grew restless and uneasy; her Husband enquired the Cause, but could not learn it, though he found in the Morning some Tears had bedewed her fair Cheeks; as soon as she was up, she went to Mrs. Blague, to consult what

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what she must do in this Streight, as well-knowing the King's Humour, that he never spared any Woman in his Lust, nor Man in his Anger; and therefore if she complied not, he would compel her to his Bed; and then perhaps, for her Sullenness in not freely yielding, he having satisfied his Appetite, might punish her, and make her a publick Shame, to the Ruin of herself and Relations.

Mrs Blague seeing her thus pensive and doubtful, with a betraying Smile, said, Come, come, my dear Jane, you must be no longer coy, nor deny the King his Request; a Royal Mistress stands so high, that no Figure dares point at her, or Tongue revile her: You will glitter so near a Throne, and enjoy so gallant a Bedfellow, that I'll warrant, my Child, you will never have cause to repent of leaving a dull Husband for so advantageous a Change. I find he is resolv'd to have you for a Mistress; and therefore it's best for you willingly to submit to be so highly exalted; which will be very pleasing to him.

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him. And therefore pray write him a kind Letter presently. Which, at Mrs. Blague's Persuasion, she did in these Words :

Royal Sir,

I Was much surpriz'd at the Contents of your Letter, and am altogether ignorant of my putting your Heart into such a Flame as you speak of. But if it should be so, it was a Sin of Ignorance, and I am willing to do any Penance for committing it: Tho' I believe you may have a more suitable Remedy nearer hand, some of those shining Ladies that you mention in your Letter being far more capable of quenching that Flame, than, may it please your Highness,

Your most dutiful

Subject and Servant,

Jane Shore.

Mrs. Blague said this Letter was not kind enough, but Mrs. Shore wou'd not alter it. Mrs. Blague then went with it to the King, and give him an Account of

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JANE SHORE. III

of her Proceedings with Mrs. *Shore*, and what she had brought her to. And then told the King, That if he would please to send his Chariot the next Night, she would bring her to his Arms. The King commended and rewarded her, and promis'd his Chariot should be ready for her. Mrs. *Blague* came back, and tells Mrs. *Shore*, the King would take no Denial, but would send his Chariot for her to morrow Night.

At this Discourse, Mrs. *Shore* trembled ; yet considering from the many Attempts her Beauty had caus'd, it was not made to be enjoy'd by one ; and having an ambitious Mind, in a fatal Hour the Counsel of Mrs. *Blague* prevailed ; And it was agreed that very Night she should take her best Apparel and jewels, and put herself into the King's kind Arms, without any more Formality, or ceremonious Denials.

This being concluded, Mrs. *Blague* immediately sent the King Notice of her Success ; who was not slow at the appointed Time to send his Chariot for them : And in the mean while her
Cloaths

Cloaths were convey'd to Mrs. *Blague's*. However, she supp'd with her Husband, kindly kiss'd him, and dropt some Tears, when on a sudden, one came of a feign'd Errand, to tell her, her Mother was taken ill, and must needs speak with her; he would have gone with her, but she put it off; and so giving him the last Kiss, he ever receiv'd from her fair Lips, with Tears in her Eyes, she left him; and coming where the Chariot stood ready, having put on her glorious Apparel, she and Mrs. *Blague* got into it, and were convey'd to the King's secret Apartment, where they found him in his Closet; he rais'd his Mistress, who upon her Approach kneel'd, kindly kiss'd her, and welcom'd her with many Varieties; but it being late, and Mrs. *Blague* having deliver'd up this Treasure of Beauty into her Monarch's arms, left them in the Temple of *Venus* to enjoy those mutual Bliss'es they had been so long pursuing.——

*But, O the Raptures of that Night!
What fierce Convulsions of Delight!*

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*How in each others Arms involv'd,
They lay confounded and dissolv'd!
Bodies mingled, Sexes blending,
Which shou'd most be lost contending:
Darting fierce and flaming Kisses,
Plunging into boundless Blissess.*

*Shore at the first was coy, and hard to win,
With artful Courting play'd the modest Part;
But soon as once she had engag'd i'th' in Sin,
O how she hugg'd the charming tingling Dart!
And then cry'd, Nearer nearer to my Heart.
For you are Sovereign now all within.*

But let me not envy her, nor her present Joys, but prosecute her Story; and we shall quickly see at what a dear Rate she purchas'd 'em.

C H A P. V.

Mr. Shore's Uneasiness at his Wife's tarrying out : He and her Parents make a particular, tho' fruitless Search after her ; and giving her over for lost, they mourn and lament.



WHat Pleasure soever Mrs. Shore took in the King's unlawful Embraces, yet her Husband sat at Home full of Sorrow ; wondering what extraordinary Accident had detain'd her beyond her usual Hour ; or what unforeseen Adventure she had met withal. At last he went to her Mother's, to see what

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what the Matter was she staid so long but was extreamly surpriz'd to find she had not been there all the Day ; nor was her Mother ill, nor had she sent for her, as Mrs. Shore pretended. This put him to so great a Nonplus, that he knew not what to think, nor cou'd he in the least imagine what should become of her. A Thousand strange Imaginations crouded into his Head, and thrust out one another : Sometimes he thought that Mischief had befallen her ; and then began with bitter Lamentations to lament her dismal and unhappy Fate. But then, because she made such a false Story as an Excuse to go abroad, he thought there must be something in it of Design, which was not good : And then his Head began to ach, and he imagin'd that he felt some Buddings out of Horns already in his Forehead : But then remembering her modest and her chaste Deportment, he check'd himself for letting such a Thought harbour one Moment in his troubled Breast. *No, no, said he, dear Jane, I know not how to think one Thought of thee that is not good ;*

good; *Virtue herself may sooner go a'ray, than I can think thou in a Thought canst err. Forgive me therefore that I but suspect thee; it is a Fault I know not how to expiate: Were I but half so sure that thou art, Well, as that thou art good, religious, chaste and virtuous, I shou'd then be the happiest Man alive. Wherefor'er thou art, I ne'er shall rest, until I have thee circled in my Arms. I am afraid, that to avoid Temptations, thou hast withdrawn thyself into a Nunnery, there to give up thyself to thy Devotions, because the world w'nt worthy of thy Company: Yes, yes, cry'd he, just like a Man distracted, I know it must be so, thou cou'dst not else be absent from thy Husband for a Moment. But be thou where thou wilt, I'll find thee out, and when I have found thee, we'll ne'er part again.*

Thus the poor Man pass'd the sad Night away; whilst her Relations were as much concern'd as he: Her Father and her Mother were afraid some Violence might have been offer'd to her; her matchless Beauty having oft attract-ed the Eyes and Hearts of those that gaz'd upon her. There was not one
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they knew she was acquainted with, but they went thither, hoping they might find her; and Mrs. *Blague* among the rest was visited, to know if she cou'd tell what was become of her. But the dissembling Hag protested solemnly she had not seen her for two Days before, and shed some Tears, to make her Friends believe how much she was concern'd that she was missing.

But after all their Search had been in vain, and they could hear no Tydings of their Daughter, they seemed to be even swallow'd up with Grief, especially when they beheld their Son-in-law inconsolable; *Alas*, said they, *What Sorrow's like to this, to have our only Child thus strangely lost, we know not how nor where? Death wou'd have been by far much more eligible; we should have then known what became of her; but now we were left so wild uncertain Guesses: Ah! dearest Child! who knows what thou may'st suffer, because thou'lt not comply to satisfy the Lust of barbarous Ravishers.*

O that we ne'er had liv'd to see this Day,
Or that thou ne'er hadst thus been snatch'd away.

Thus

Thus did her wretched Parents echo each others Grievs in Lamentation^s, because they knew not what could be become of her.

CHAP. VI.

How her Husband and her Parents came to know that Jane Shore was with the King in the Quality of his Concubine; And how, for very Grief and Shame, her Husband sold off all he had, and went beyond Sea; with an Account of his Return into England many Tears afterwards, and his Tragical End.



IT was now almost a week that Mrs. Shore had been conceal'd at Court, (and

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(and was in the mean time given over
 for lost by her Husband and her Parents)
 when the News of her being the King's
 Concubine, had taken Air, and made a
 great Noise in the City; and too soon
 arriv'd to her poor Husband's and her
 Relations Ears: For they had both
 much rather never heard of her at all,
 and that she had been lost for ever, than
 to have found her there. Had she been
 took away by any else, there had been
 hopes of getting her again. But now
 she was in such a Palace, that 'twas a-
 bove their Reach to take her thence.
 They knew the King was violent in all
 his Passions; especially his Love and his
 Ambition; and more especially the first;
 of which there could not be a greater
 Instance, than in his marrying of the
 Queen; for tho' he had sent *Nevil*, the
 great Earl of *Warwick*, (that made and
 unmade Kings at his own Pleasure) into
France, there to propose a match betwixt
 him and the Lady *Bona*, the *French*
 King's Daughter, which was agreed to,
 and concluded, almost as soon as 'twas
 propos'd; yet having in the mean time
 seen

The History of

seen and lik'd the Widow of Sir *John Gray*, (who was slain in the Battle of St. *Alban's*, as he was fighting for King *Edward's* Rival, *Henry* the Sixth) and not being able to obtain Enjoyment on any other Terms than that of Marriage; he took her for his Queen, and marry'd her; and rather chose to disoblige his best and greatest Friends, and run the Hazard of his Crown itself, than to deny himself the Satisfaction of having her whom he had such a Fancy for: And therefore they consider'd how dangerous a thing 'twould be for them to shew the least Resentment, tho' for so great an Injury, as that of ravishing a Wife and Daughter from them. And that which was more grievous to 'em yet, they found that she herself was pleas'd with what she'd done; in making such a voluntary Elopement from her Husband. And seeing she had thus lost all her Vertue, what was there in her now worth the regarding? The Thoughts of this so troubled her poor afflicted Husband, who so much devoted on her Vertue, that Shame and

Grief

Grief confounded him; he scarce knew what he either said or did; nor would he see, or yet be seen of any, if he at all could help it: He thought each Man that saw him pointed at him; nor could one lift a Finger up before him, but he strait thought that they made Horns at him. All Day he'd shut himself up in his Chamber, and sigh away his melancholy Hours, and curse the time he e'er saw *Wainstead's* Daughter. But when at last he found a Means to send to his false Wife, and saw she slighted him, and would not once vouchsafe to come and see him, nor suffer him to come and see her there, he e'en resolv'd to go abroad and travel; and, if he could, forget he e'er had seen her. And therefore selling off his Goods and Household-stuff, and turning all his Plate into Broad Gold (for then there was no Guineas) he left this hated Land of his Nativity, and took a Tour to *Flanders*, *France* and *Spain*, thence to *Morocco*, and from thence to *Turkey*; finding, as he imagin'd, far more Kindness amongst the *Turks* and *Infidels*, then he had

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found

found in *England* : And 'twas not without Reason that he thought so, as the Sequel made it good : For, after a long Tract of Time, and travelling from one Place to another, had cur'd him of his Melancholy, and eas'd him of his Money, he turned back again to *London*. King *Henry* the Seventh having then sway'd the Scepter many Years ; and his Wife having miserably perish'd long before, and the remembrance of her almost quite forgotten ; so that he now became as great a Stranger here, as he had been before in foreign Parts. Here therefore he resolv'd again to settle, and privately to work at his own Calling ; but having been us'd to live high, and his Pockets being now grown low, his Work would not recruit him fast enough ; he therefore thought upon a speedier Way, which was to file and clip off Gold from those Broad Pieces, which went then in Current Payment, but he made more Haste than good Speed, for being taken in the Fact, he was committed to Prison ; and afterwards try'd and executed for the same at Ty-

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burn ; where he concluded his Tragedy. And tho' this unfortunate Man justly suffer'd the Law, in the Reign of King Henry the Seventh, yet it may without any Injustice be said, That he was murder'd by King Edward the Fourth, who by enticing away his Wife, brought inevitable Ruin and Destruction on him and his Family. And thus we find there is a Tide in the Affairs of Men ; which when at the Flood, lead on to Fortune ; but if that be neglected, all the long Voyage of their following Life, they're bound in Shallows and in Miseries.

*Since ev'ry Man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere Felicity ;
With equal Mind let us what happens bear,
Nor joy, nor grieve too much for Things
[beyond our Care,
Like Pilgrims to the appointed Place we tend,
The World's an Inn, and Death's the Jour-
ney's End.*

But now 'tis high time to look after his Wife, and see what became of her.

C H A P. VII.

*How Jane Shore liv'd in great Splendor
at Court, during the Reign of Edward
the Fourth.*



THere is nothing so bewitching
and so apt to draw away our
Hearts and Affections from the Con-
sideration of Eternity, and the Things
of another Life, as the Pomp and Vanities
of this present World; The Splendor
of King Edward's Court, and the great Fi-
gure she made there, by means of the
extraordinary Countenance and Favor

which King *Edward* shew'd her, with
 the Crouds of Petitioners and Flatterers
 wherewith she was always attended,
 made her forget her disconsolate Hus-
 band, and the Sighs and Tears of her
 Parents, who would have rather seen
 her Vertuous than Great: 'Tis true, she
 never abus'd the Power she had with
 the King to the Prejudice of any, and
 was always a Friend to the Poor, and
 to those that were in Affliction and Di-
 stress; and was so ready to do Good,
 that when his Courtiers durst not inter-
 ceed for such as lay under the King's
 Displeasure, she with her ready Wit
 and merry Humour, would so abate
 his Anger, that she oft-times has sav'd
 the Lives both of the Rich and Poor,
 and would always be a Shelter to those
 who were oppress'd by the exorbitant
 Power of them that were Great: She
 was easie of Access to the Poor, and so
 far from a mercenary Spirit, that she
 never sold her Favour, but would freely
 do any Kindness that lay in her Pow-
 er for any; righting many that were
 wrong'd, but never wronging or op-
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pressing any; which made her generally
 belov'd by the common People. And
 often when the King had been offended
 with his Officers and Servants, she by
 her witty and facetious Carriage with
 the King, would oft drive the Storm
 which otherwise would have power'd
 down upon 'em. So that her very En-
 mies would say, *'Twas pity that she was a*
Whore; and that she was indeed; that
 was the Stain that clouded all her Glory
 and blemish'd all the Goodness which
 she had, or Good she did, and sap'd
 the Foundation of her Happiness: And
 yet methinks I can't but grieve to think
 her Life should at the last be clos'd by
 such a sad Catastrophe: For when she
 went on Progress with the King, she
 frequently would send for all the Poor
 and still proportion her Relief to their
 Necessities: Nor would she only by her-
 self relieve 'em: but if she knew of any
 that with the King, expected some good
 Offices from her on that Account, altho'
 she herself was never Mercenary, yet
 she would put 'em upon being charitable
 to the Poor, and if they did expect

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Kindness from her, they should be good to them. And this indeed was very generous in her.

But notwithstanding all her Charity and Goodness, she was not without Enemies at Court; for there were Ladies there that envy'd her Favour with the King, and were not willing it should be engross'd so much by her, that they could have no Share in't; and therefore oftentimes would rally her, but still were baffl'd in their vain Attempts: For she had always such a pregnant Wit, and was so ready at her Repartees, that they could never get the better of her. And tho' King Edward had another Mistress before her, which he still kept, namely the Lady Beesley, yet Shore had always the Ascendant of her. Beesley pretended hugely to Religion (which sits but very awkward on a Whore) but Shore was always mighty brisk and merry; which made King Edward often joking say, *I have two Mistresses of very different Tempers; one is the most religious, and the other the most merry of any one in England; and I must*

must needs say, *Shore* was in the right on't; for *Bessley* wou'd ha' done much better, either to have left her Whoring off, or laid by her Religion; because them too seldom agree together. And I believe King *Edward* thought so too, and therefore *Shore* had still the chiefest Place in his Affection; which always made her have such Crowds of Visitors, both at her Chamber door, when in the Court; and at her Chariot-side, when e'er she rid abroad; whose Suits she still preferr'd according to the utmost of her Power, respecting the Justice of their Cause. And here it will not be amiss to mention (for a Reason you shall know upon) how kind she was to Mrs. *Blague*, for whom she had procured of the King a stately House and Manor of 200 *l.* a Year. But how well she did deserve it, we may hear hereafter. In a Word, we cannot do Justice to Mrs. *Jane Shore*, without granting that she was of a free, generous, and grateful Temper; and that she improv'd her Interest with the King for the Benefit of all that stood in need

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of it, and to the Prejudice of none but those that sought to oppress and tyrannize over their Neighbours, for before she espous'd any Cause, she examin'd the Matter, and always took the justest Side.

Thus liv'd *Jane Shore* for some Years in the midst of earthly Delights, and Worldly Grandeur. But, alas! there's nothing stable nor fix'd under the Sun: King's, tho' they are earthly Gods must die like Men; for they are made of the same mouldering Clay with other Mortals; of which King *Edward* was to *Jane Shore* too sad an Instance: For he dying at *Westminster*, in the fortieth Year of his Age and twenty third of his Reign, was buried at *Windsor* in a Chappel of his own Founding; leaving behind him two young Princes, to wit, *Edward* the Fifth, King of *England*, though never crowned, and *Richard* Duke of *York* his Brother, and five Daughters.

King *Edward* being dead, the Lord *Hastings* sent and took *Jane Shore* (whom he courted before King *Edward* knew her) to his own Bed, keeping her as his

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Concubine. And *Shore* thought it (after the King's Death) the greatest Honour she could then aspire to; besides, she thought the Lord would be a Shelter to her, from the Anger of the Queen, and of other Ladies at the Court, who bore no great Affection to her in King *Edward's* Days, because she engross'd so much of his Favour. But the Lord *Hastings* was so far from being able to protect *Jane Shore*, that he could not long protect himself: For crook-back *Richard*, Duke of *Gloucester*, Brother to the deceas'd King, having laid a wicked design to put the Crown upon his own Head, and to destroy his own Nephews; endeavour'd to bring in as many of the Nobility to his Party as he could, and the Lord *Hastings* being one that had a great Influence at Court, having been in high Favour with King *Edward* the Fourth, and Lord Chamberlain to the young King, the Duke had a great Mind to bring him over to his Party: But fearing to disclose his Mind openly to him, he made large Promises, and gave great Rewards

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one *Catesby*, a Favourite of the Lord *Hastings*, by secret and dark Discourses to sound him, and if possible to bring him over to his Side. This *Catesby* undertook to do; and finding (after he had done all that he could) that the Lord *Hastings* was no way inclinable to favour *Gloucester's* Design, he told him of it; and tho' he had been maintain'd by the Lord *Hastings's*, and his Fortune rais'd to what it was by him, yet he prov'd so base and treacherous to him, that he encourag'd *Gloucester* to remove *Hastings* out of the World, if ever he intended to compass his Design. This being resolv'd upon by them two, he call'd a Grand Council of Lords at the *Tower*, to consider of suitable Preparations for the Coronation; and when they had sat a considerable time, he came in and took his Chair, Jestling with some of them, and excusing his too long Stay: requesting of Dr. *Morton* Bishop of *Ely*, some Strawberryes that grew in his Garden at *Holbourn*; which he immediately sent for; and took it as a Favour that the Protector was so kind

to him, as to put it into his Power to oblige him in any thing, for there had been formerly no good Understanding between them two. Then taking some Excuse for a short Absence, he desired them to proceed in the Method propos'd. And about an Hour after, he came again, and took his Chair, but with a Countenance full of Anger and Resentment, frowning, biting his Lip, and knitting his Brows, and shewing all the Signs of one in an extraordinary Passion, which strangely amaz'd all the Council, so that they kept a profound Silence; which the Protector (for so had the Duke of Gloucester lately been made) perceiving, demanded what Punishment they deserved who had wickedly procur'd his Destruction, he being Uncle to, and Protector of the King? This Question amazed them more than before; but all knowing themselves innocent of any such Intention, the Lord Hastings, who by reason of the antient Friendship that had been between them, thought he might be the bolder, reply'd, *My Lord, such as have so trans-*

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W. L. G.

gressed, deserve the severest Punishment
the Law can inflict, to which the other
Lords assented. Then, said the Prote-
ctor, *that Sorcerers* (meaning the Queen)
and Jane Shore have conspir'd by Witch-
craft to destroy me : And then drawing
up his Sleeve, he shew'd his Arm, which
had been wasted from his Infancy, (as
they all knew well enough) as a Testi-
mony of what he had said ; bidding
them behold how there Charms had
begun already to take Effect on him.
Hereupon the Lord *Hastings*, who (as
has been already said) had taken *Jane*
Shore to his Bed, thinking to excuse
her, said, *My Lord, if they have done*
so, they deserve Punishment. Thou
Traytor, reply'd the Protector, *servest*
thou me with Iffs and Ands : I tell thee
they have done it : and that will I make
good upon thy Body : And so, striking his
Fist upon the Table, the Room was
presently fill'd with armed Men, one
of which struck at the Lord *Stanley*,
and as nimble as he was to sink under
the Table, grievously wounded him on
the Head ; and then the Protector him-
self

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self arrested the Lord *Hastings*, bidding him make haste to Shrive himself; for by *St. Paul*, (which was his usual Oath) he would neither eat nor drink till his Head was off, and so being led out into the Green within the *Tower*; he was there beheaded on a Log, without staying for the Formality of a Scaffold.

And here I cannot but take Notice, how eminently the Hand of Divine Justice was exemplify'd in the unjust Execution of this Lord: Who having so far join'd with the Duke of *Gloucester*, as to be aiding in, and privy to, the Execution of the Queen's Father, the Lord *Rivers*, and the rest of her Relations, who were by his Contrivance beheaded at *Peasfret*, on that very Day on which, by the Contrivance of *Gloucester*, himself was beheaded in the *Tower*: So certain does Sin and Guilt dodge Men to Destruction.

C H A P.

*How Jane Shore convey'd her Jewels to
Mrs. Blague's, who cheated her of them
all: And how she was persecuted by King
Richard the Third, who caused her to
do Penance in the open Street.*



THE sudden and tragical Fate of
the Lord *Hastings* was a suffi-
cient Premonition or Warning to *Jane*
Shore,

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Shore, of the Storm that was now falling upon her own Head ; and therefore she thought it but a prudent Piece of Conduct to make some timely Provision for herself. The Protector had already declar'd himself against her ; and *Hastings*, upon whom, after King *Edward's* Death, her greatest Hopes had been plac'd, had now lost his Life, for but undertaking to Vindicate her ; and therefore she pack'd up all her Jewels, and her rich Garments, and all the best of her Things, and brought them to Mrs. *Blague's*, telling her, That she saw a Storm a coming, and therefore thought it was best to provide against it ; and that as she had serv'd her in King *Edward's* Reign, she did not doubt but she would be as kind to her now, in securing for her her Jewels, and other rich Things, which therefore she had now brought with her, to put into her Hands, as a Place of Security, that she might have 'em ready against a Time of Need.

Mrs. *Blague* seem'd to commiserate her Condition very much, telling her

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she was very sorry to see such a sad Turn of the Times; and that little Good could be expected from such a bloody Monster as the Protector; but whatever she left in her Hands, she might depend upon't, should be very safe; and that herself and all she had, should be always welcome to her House; for she should never forget the Kindness she had shew'd her, when she was in Power, with several other large Protections of an intimate Friendship and Fidelity. This designing Hypocrite, Mrs. *Blague*, (who was the first Authoress and Cause of this poor Gentlewoman's Ruin, by first persuading, and afterwards betraying her into the Embraces of King *Edward*) having by her fair Speeches got all her Jewels, Plate, and Cloaths, into her Hands, did in the Time of her Affliction and Distress, which followed shortly after, treat her with the most barbarous Usage that ever Woman met with; for coming to her, when all she had was seiz'd on by King *Richard's* order, and desiring to have some of her Jewels to make a little Money on, she not only de-

deny'd that ever she receiv'd any of her, but call'd her filthy Strumpet, Whore, and Cheat ; asking her if she came to put Tricks upon her ; With other base opprobrious Speeches ; and threatening that she'd have her whipt, if ever she came there again, thrusting her out of Doors, without so much as giving her a Piece of Bread, altho' she begg'd it of her. And certainly to one of such a generous Temper as *Jane* had been, nothing could make a greater or more deep Impression, than such a barbarous Treatment : I cannot therefore blame her, when she afterwards gave to King *Richard's* officers, upon her being examin'd where 'twas she had disposed her Jewels, and other Things, a true Account where they were all disposed : upon which they immediately repaired to Mrs. *Blague's*, demanding them of her : But she serv'd them as she had done *Jane Shore*, denyed that she ever had them, alledging, that they never were brought to her, and therefore desired them to trouble her no further : Which Answer, thought it was *Jane Shore*

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Shore could get, yet the King's Officers would not be satisfy'd so: But having Power on their side, they enter'd in and search'd the House, and breaking open all her Trunks and Drawers, and finding of them by that means, they made it Crime enough in her to have deny'd them; and therefore as an Accomplice of *Jane Shore*, they clear'd the House of all that e'er she had, and seizing upon her Estate besides, left her almost as miserable as they had made *Jane Shore*: And then her Conscience brought to mind her black Ingratitude, which made her sufferings appear Just and Right, and which she had so very well deserv'd.

*Ingratitude's the Growth of every Cline,
And of all Sins, the most accus'd Crime:
For who can think that Human Nature can,
Breed such a Monster as th' ungrateful Man:
Who does against his Benefactor sin,
Least Men should think he has oblig'd been.
On Him his Friend still loses all his Cost;
For ev'ry Favour shew'd to him is lost;
Nay, more than that, which is a greater Shame;
'Tis not only lost, but he forgets the same:
Nay, does for Kindness, Spite and Mischiefe turn,
Which is the greatest Height the Devil can go.*

But

*But I'll no more enlarge upon this Plague,
But wish all such be serv'd as Mrs. Blague.*

But to return from this Digression, the Duke of Gloucester having pretended that *Jane Shore* was engag'd in a Plot against him, that he might the better hide the Plot himself had laid against his two innocent Nephews and the Crown, sent his Officers to the Lord *Hastings's* House to search for her; where she was but newly come back from carrying her best Things to Mrs *Blague's*, as has been before related; and having seized her, and stript her of all she had, he caused her to appear before the Ecclesiastical Court, where by a special Order from his Highness, she was adjudged to do 'Penance for her notorious Adultries committed with King *Edward* the Fourth, and afterwards with the Lord *Hastings*, with whom she had also plotted the Destruction of his Highness the Lord Protector of the King and Kingdom, and this Penance that she was to perform, was done in this manner: She was stript of all her Apparel,

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having only on her Smock, and over that a white Sheet, and in one Hand a lighted Taper of Wax, and in the other a Cross; in which Posture she walked bare-legg'd and bare-foot, all through *Cheapside* and *Lumbard-streets*, with a Crowd of People to behold her; she looking so very lovely and charming, even in this penitent Dress, that she was belov'd by some, and pitied by others, and her hard Fate lamented by all; except such as had engaged in *Richard's* accursed Designs: This publick Penance of hers at that Time being enjoyned her, not so much as a Punishment for her Sins, as to amuse the Minds of the People, that they might not busy themselves about those secret and treasonable Designs that were carrying on at Court, for the Destruction of the youngest King and his Brother, and the setting the Crown upon that Monster's Head, which soon after follow'd.

And therefore it was not enough that *Jane Shore* was thus forced to do publick Penance, but the Tyrant immediately

ately puts forth a severe Proclamation
 against her, imploring, *That whereas it*
was notoriously known, that Jane Shore
had for several Tears liv'd in open Adulter-
ry with the late King Edward, to the high
Disbonour of Almighty God, and to the
Shame and Reproach of Honesty and Vir-
tue, and to the great Grief of all good
Christians, and to the Impoverishment of
the King and Realm, and the diminishing
of the Revenues of the Crown, which she
at her Pleasure bestow'd and lavish'd away,
by enriching her own Friends and Relati-
ons, contrary to the Laws of the Land: It
was therefore declar'd, That where ever any
such Money, Plate, Jewels or Things were
given away by her, it should be forthwith
seiz'd again to the King's Use: And fur-
ther, That as a just Punishment for those
notorious Crimes, and also for engaging
with the late Lord Hastings and Others,
by Secrecy and Witchcraft to take away the
Life of the Right Noble and Illustrious
Richard Duke of Gloucester, Protector
of the King and Kingdom, that they
might the better compass their Ends upon
the Young King and his Royal Brother,

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it was thereby strictly prohibited to all Persons whatsoever, on Pain of Death and Confiscation of all their Goods and Chattles, neither to harbour her, the said Jane Shore, to their Houses, nor to relieve her with Food or Rayment.

This was a home Stroke indeed, and it would have been more Charity to have taken and hang'd her than thus to have condemn'd her to starve alive, which was the Design of this cruel Proclamation. So that the poor and miserable Woman was forced to wander up and down in a miserable and disconsolate manner, seeking in Fields and Hedges for Food to sustain her Life; and when they would afford her none, she would then search the Dunghills, where (when she was known to come) some Bones with more Meat than usual, would be thrown on purpose for her by some that pity'd her, but durst not be seen to relieve her. And yet in this poor Condition the miserable Wretch liv'd for some time, through the secret Charity of well disposed Persons.

But after this, wicked Duke of Gloucester,

sester, had so far carry'd his Point, that he was crowned King, and had caused his two Royal Nephews to be murdered; it so happened that *Jane Shore* going by the House of a certain Baker that had receiv'd a particular Kindness from her formerly; (for he having been condemn'd to die for being concern'd in a Riot in King *Edward's* Days, she got his Pardon freely) this Baker seeing her go by, looking thin and meager, and ready to perish, he had so grateful a Remembrance of her former Kindness, that he could not forbear (notwithstanding the Proclamation) from taking a Penny Loaf, and trundling it after her: Which she thankfully took up, and blessed him, with Tears in her Eyes, it being to her an acceptable Present. But it prov'd a costly one to the poor Baker; for some of his malicious Neighbours having seen it (for Envy always has a Lynx's Eye) inform'd against the charitable Men; and the inexorable Tyrant caus'd him to be hang'd for not obeying his cruel Proclamation: And 'twould have been a Mer-

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cy to *Jane Shore*, if he had also hanged her with him. For the poor Baker's Execution so terrify'd the People, that they durst afford her no Relief. So that in piteous Rags, hardly enough to hide her Nakedness, she went about a most deplorable and truly miserable and wretched Spectacle, wringing her Hands, and sadly lamenting and bemoaning her dismal and unhappy Condition.

And here, methinks, I cannot but look back a little, and reflect upon the strange and amazing Change of worldly Glory, and indeed of all worldly Things: They that had seen *Jane Shore* in the Arms of King *Edward*, and Chief in Favour, smiling on whom she smil'd, and frowning where she frowned; her Chamber, like another Court of Requests, being always crowded with Petitioners; could never have believed they should ever have seen her neglected, scorn'd, vilify'd, and reduc'd to that Decree of Poverty and Want, that to have had the Liberty of Begging, would have been esteem'd a mighty

Happiness: Sure it must be extreamly surprizing, that she who was served in Plate, and treated with the costliest Viands, that either Art or Nature could procure, or Water, Earth, or Air produce; that she, I say, should ever be reduc'd to that extreme Degree of Misery, as to be fore'd to sit upon a Dung-hill, and glad to eat the Refuse of the Dogs.

Thus as the Prince of Poets, *Virgil*, tells us,

*New Turns and Chances every Day,
Are of inconstant Chance the constant Arts;
Soon she gives, soon takes away,
She comes embraces nauseates you, and parts:
But if she stays, or if she goes,
The wise Man little Joy, or little Sorrow shows.
For over all, there hangs a double Fate,
And few there are, who're always fortunate.
One gains, by what another is bereft,
The frugal Destinies have only left
A common Bank of Happiness below,
Maintain'd like Nature by an Ebb and Flow.
A strange Vicissitude of human Fate,
Still all ring, never in a steady State.*

But to return to *Jane Shore*: That she lived like a *Camelion*, almost upon nothing but Air, all the Time of King *Richard*, yet she made a Shift (tho' but a very poor one) to survive that Tyrant, who being slain fighting in *Bosworth-field*, (too honourable a Death for such a bloody Villain) his wretched Corps, being stripp'd naked and bloody, was leid upon a Horse, like a Calf, and carried to *Leicester*, where it was for two Days expos'd to the View of the People, and after buried in the *Grey-Fryers* Monastery in that Town. This Tyrant's Death gave a small Respite to *Jane Shore's* Miseries; for People then were not afraid to give her Relief; and tho' she was still forc'd to beg, yet this was a great Kindness to her, that People might bestow their Charity upon her, without Fear. But this was but like a little reviving before Death: For *Henry* the Seventh (who succeeded *Richard* the Third) having married *Elizabeth*, the eldest Daughter of King *Edward* the Fourth, who hated *Jane Shore*, as much as her Father loved her, pro-

cur'd another Proclamation against *Jane Shore*, forbidding her to be relieved: Which again forced her to wander up and down naked and helpless, and in as miserable a Condition as before. So that now being destitute even of Hope itself, (the only Comfort of the Miserable) and growing Old withal, she finished her wretched Life in a Ditch, which from her Dying in it, does to this Day retain the Name of *Shore's Ditch*: However, tho' her Sufferings in this World were exceeding great, and rendered her a truly miserable Object, yet were they a Means of bringing her to a Sight of her Sins, and a true Repentance for them; as appears by her dying Lamentation; with which I conclude her Life.

Jane Shore's Lamentation at her Death.

GOOD People, tho' by the Rigor of the Laws you are forbid to give me any Relief, yet you may pity my distressed State, for the Scripture tells us, *That the Miserable, Pity should be shew'd*; And that

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that, and your Prayers is all I now ask for: For I am now putting a period to a miserable Life; a Life which I have long been weary of. Nor is it my distressed Circumstances only makes me so much long for Death, I would not live again, although I were to live as I have done before, in all the Glory, Pomp and Pleasures of King *Edward's* Court: No, I am happier now upon this Dunghill, than I was ever in his princely Arms. For, O, 'twas an adulterous Bed indeed, a Bed of Sorrow it has been to me, and filled me with unutterable Griets: O wretched, that e're I knew King *Edward*! That e're I was betray'd to his Embraces: What Floods of Sorrow has my Sin occasioned! But tears can never wash my Sins away! O learn from me good People, to beware of vain Delights, and flesh pleasing of Joys; they promise fair, but leave such Stings behind 'em, as will eternally torment the Soul, and drag it down to everlasting punishments; Alas! you think my punishment is grievous here in this World, and so it is indeed; for I've endured a

thousand Deaths in one, a thousand Deaths, and yet I could not die: But now, my dying Moment's come, and I rejoyce therein. Sincere Repentance has secur'd my peace with Heaven above, against whom I have sinned! But O! where true Repentance is not given, what Seas of torment wrack and drown the Soul! O happy Dunghill, how do I embrace thee! From thee my pardon'd Soul shall soar to Heaven, tho' in this Ditch I leave my filthy and polluted Carcass. O, that the Name of *Shore* may be an Antidote to stop the poisonous and soul Contagion of raging Lust for ever!

Look not upon the gilded Baits of Sin, For that the Ruin of *Jane Shore* has been

Leaving by her Example this Truth to Posterity;

that for we are, yet without doubt, Or first or last, our Sins will find us out.

A SONG of the supposed Ghost of
Shore's Wife.

To the Tune of, Live with me, &c.



DAmo Nature's Darling let me be
The Map of sad Calamity,

For

152 The History of

For never none like Shore's fair Wife,
Had badder End, nor better Life;
For I had all the Royal Graces
Of Edward's Love, and sweet Embraces.

He being dead, my Joys did die,
And I grew hateful in each Eye;
Which made me thus complain and say,
The fairest Flower will fade away:
So I did trust too much the Smiles
Of wand'ring Times bewitching Guiles.

From noble Blood I had no Birth,
My Heritage six Foot of Earth:
Tho' made but of the meanest Mould,
Yet Fortune gave me Gifts of Gold,
And fin'd my Face with Favours fair,
Like Phoebus in the azur'd Air.

My Shape was seemly to each Sight,
My Eyes in Looks were proved light;
My Countenance had sober Grace,
Nor gave my Heart a Lover's Place;
Yet Woe is me, excepting this,
My King did win me to amiss.

If Kind had made me Black or Brown,
I then had liv'd in good Renown:
But woe is me, my Peacock's Pride,
Did show a Face as it wax'd dy'd.

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*With Nature's blushing Tapstery,
Which mov'd and lik'd a princely Eye.*

*I was intic'd by Trains of Trust,
A King did love, consent I must :
And so my Youth did run astray,
To be a Prince's wanton Prey :
Then try that List, and they shall prove
The ripest Wits will soonest love.*

*What need I more myself to clear,
Promotion blindeth Shame and Fear ;
A King did win me to his Call,
A Hope, that Women seek for All ;
For such Misdoubts, not following Harms,
Which lie and sleep in Princes Arms.*

*The Nightingale with merry Voice,
Doth make the Hearers all rejoyce ;
So with the Lark I still did sing
Sweet wanton Musick to my King ;
And temper'd so my moving Tongue,
That at his Bosom still I hung.*

*My Gueasures, Talk, and modest Grace,
Did bring my King in such a Case,
That I became his chiefest Hand,
And govern'd him that rul'd this Land :
I bore the Sword, he wore the Crown ;
I struck the Stroke, but he cast down.*

If I did frown, he look'd awry,
 If I but speak, none durst deny:
 If I did smile, he sought aright,
 And would with Smiles, my Smiles requite:
 And hereupon I built my Bower,
 And thought my sweet would ne'er turn
 fower.

My Fortune went beyond my Skill,
 For I had Wealth and Ease at Will:
 With Rob's more braver than the Sun,
 So did my Fortune's Glass still run:
 That in these earthly Pleasures clad,
 A princely Place a Time I had.

At last this blifs was turn'd to bale,
 And all my Fortune's 'gan to fall;
 For I was brought to Sorrows Bands,
 Which made me weep and wring my Hands,
 When Edward dy'd, my chief Joy
 Was chang'd to Care and sad Anoy.

My King intomb'd, and laid in Ground,
 I was beset with Sorrows round,
 And slanders falsly rais'd, That I
 Gave Poison to his Majesty;
 Which mortal Hate, and cruel Spite,
 Bereft me of my Fortune quite.

The Lord Protector being then
 My Foe, and worst of living Men,

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He judg'd me soon to live in shame,
 Though I deserv'd no such like Blame:
 A Penance took by his Command,
 With burning Taper in my Hand.

As wandring Eyes star'd on my Face,
 Meek Patience lent me modest Grace,
 That I was prais'd of every Man,
 Whilst shame-fac'd Blood my Cheeks down ran:
 Ten Thousand said, with sober cheer,
 It was a Grief to see me there.

My Penance pass'd the Tyrant's Mind,
 To further Mischief was inclin'd;
 He spoil'd my Goods, and gave command,
 That none my succ'ring Friend should stand,
 And being left thus bare and poor,
 I begg'd for Food from Door to Door.

Being thus cast down from princely fare,
 Of Alms to take an hungry share,
 The Crumbs that fell from Blind and Lane,
 To pick them up, I did me frame;
 And thus by Prayer, and heav'd up Palms,
 I was enforc'd to live by Alms.

The golden Chains I want to wear,
 Were chang'd to Rags, both thin and bare;
 I had no House to hide my Head;
 The Streets and Stalls my nightly Bed:

My

*My Flesh consum'd was like a corse,
Yet none of me must have remorse.*

*At last thus ended this my Life;
Example take both Maid and Wife:
For wanton Ways deceived me,
Though bousler'd out by Majesty.
The Time will change, says dying Shore,
If thou misdo, offend no more.*

M A M E

F I N I S.



